

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

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Looking to the future in Uganda: a woman of Buganda with her child (see page 739)

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By Christopher Martin

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A Paradox in Africa

CRANFORD PRATT on tribalism and nationalism in Uganda

UGANDA is going to get something near to internal self-government next year. This has a familiar ring. Many British territories have already reached or passed this stage in their constitutional development. Nevertheless the Uganda case is astonishingly different. In almost all other British territories constitutional advances are conceded under pressure from nationalist leaders who are so strongly supported that they compel attention. But in Uganda, in solitary contrast, self-government is coming in the absence of strong nationalist leaders and parties. In Uganda, paradoxically, it is not nationalism which has stimulated self-government. On the contrary, a major constitutional advance is being introduced in order to help stimulate nationalism.

In most British territories in Africa, including Kenya and Tanganyika, three separate developments have coincided: first, the appearance of a deep and widespread hostility towards colonial rule; second, a social revolution which undermines the authority of traditional chiefs and brings forward a vigorous and politically ambitious class of detribalized Africans; and, third, the growth of powerful nationalist parties. Together these three factors have made colonial rule difficult, but if the third factor, organized political nationalism, is there, then at least there are leaders with real popular authority to whom power can be handed over. But the appearance of strong national parties is not inevitable. Hostility to foreign rule need not issue into an effective nationalism. It may also be expressed by atavistic gestures of violence or by backward-looking assertions of tribalism. Where that happens the colonial power has the depressing choice of either staying on in an atmosphere of growing hostility or leaving before there are the national leaders and national loyalties capable of holding the territory together. This is nearly the choice that Britain now faces in Uganda.

One factor in this failure of nationalism is undoubtedly the realization in Uganda that Britain genuinely intends to bring about self-government. Nationalists cannot convince Uganda Africans that they will get independence only by uniting and fighting for it. Indeed, the politicians have not convinced themselves. Instead, they divide, quarrel, and manœuvre to be sure that they, rather than their rivals, will enjoy the power which they recognize will in any case soon fall into African hands.

In Tanganyika this expectation of early self-government had completely opposite results. Politicians hastened to join the dominant party as the most likely way of winning a share of future power. For a brief period it looked as if this process was developing in Uganda. In 1955 the Uganda National Congress was certainly stronger than any similar movement in either Kenya or Tanganyika. For a short time it succeeded in spreading its organization widely in Uganda and it attracted many of the ablest of the politically minded educated Africans. Yet five years later it had lost the support of most of them, it had ceased to be a force in several of the most important areas of Uganda and it had been undermined by three separate splits among its leaders. Many factors contributed to the failure of the Congress: it was extremely badly led, it never built up a solid party organization, its task was made more difficult by the lack of a common African language and by the relatively small size of the urban African population. But fundamentally what has happened is that nationalism has been defeated by a force stronger than nationalism itself: tribalism.

The defeat was sustained in Buganda, the large tribal kingdom which forms part of the larger Protectorate of Uganda. The people of Buganda are not only the largest tribe in the Protectorate, they are also the wealthiest, the best educated, and the best organized. Moreover, both the political and commercial capitals of Uganda

are in Buganda. It is just not possible for a nationalist movement to be a unifying political force in Uganda if it does not win sizeable support inside Buganda.

Five years ago there was an uneasy balance of power in Buganda between the nationalist politicians who held four of the five Buganda seats on the Protectorate's Legislative Council and the tribal politicians who ignored national politics but controlled the subordinate tribal government of Buganda. This was a momentary truce between unreconciled rivals, not an agreed division of power. The tribal politician cherishes and depends upon tribal loyalties, upon autonomy for the tribal government, and upon the rights of the tribal ruler, and this threatens the authority and unity of the nation-wide institutions which are the nationalists' main concern. This is nothing new. Struggles between nationalists and tribalists are a common feature in the rise of African nationalism in most territories. But in Buganda tribalism won.

Buganda is a large and well organized tribal kingdom with a long history of political independence under the rule of its traditional monarch, the Kabaka. Since the declaration of British protection in 1894 little has challenged tribal loyalties and tribal pride and much has reinforced it. The Baganda people of Uganda were the first tribe to be intensely evangelized, the first to earn sizable incomes from cash crops, the first to receive medical services. For a long time schools were concentrated in Buganda.

British policy has reinforced this again. Although the Agreement with Buganda in 1900 conceded wide powers to the British, it also left a measure of internal autonomy to the Buganda Government. More important, it left intact the tribal self-respect of the Baganda. They have always claimed and felt that they are a tribal state, an ally of the British rather than a conquered people. The British did not challenge this 'tribal state' view of Buganda. They, no less than the Baganda, regarded the institutions of the Protectorate Government as a British affair; both agreed that African political and administrative activity should occur only at the tribal level.

British policies since the war, though perhaps not quite so wittingly, have continued to hinder the growth of a Uganda-wide nationalism. Africans were brought on to the Protectorate Legislative Council only very slowly, and until recently they were carefully selected and solidly pro-British. Moreover, these men, who were to represent over 6,000,000 Africans, were matched by an equal number of Asians and Europeans who spoke for communities of 55,000 and 8,000 persons respectively. Many Africans feared that the Government intended to build this balanced representation permanently into the political constitution of Uganda. In fact, this probably was official policy until as late as 1953. But whether well founded or not, it was the fear of this that made Africans all the more suspicious of national institutions, and all the more reliant upon their tribal institutions for they at least genuinely reflected the African character of Uganda.

When Sir Andrew Cohen became Governor in 1952 he attempted to reverse the anti-nationalist bias of past decades. Sir Andrew was, in effect, Uganda's foremost nationalist. He was aware that there were not many years of colonial rule remaining and he had an urgent sense of the need to build the institutions

and to train the men that might be able to hold Uganda together after independence. A basic reform was obviously to increase African representation in the legislature. In this he was hindered by the fixed racial proportions which were a feature of the legislative councils of all three of the East African territories. His first reforms did increase African participation, but did so without altering the old ratio between African, European, and Asian representative members. African response was understandably slight. As long as this racial balance was insisted on, neither nationalists nor the Governor could stimulate much African interest in the central legislature.

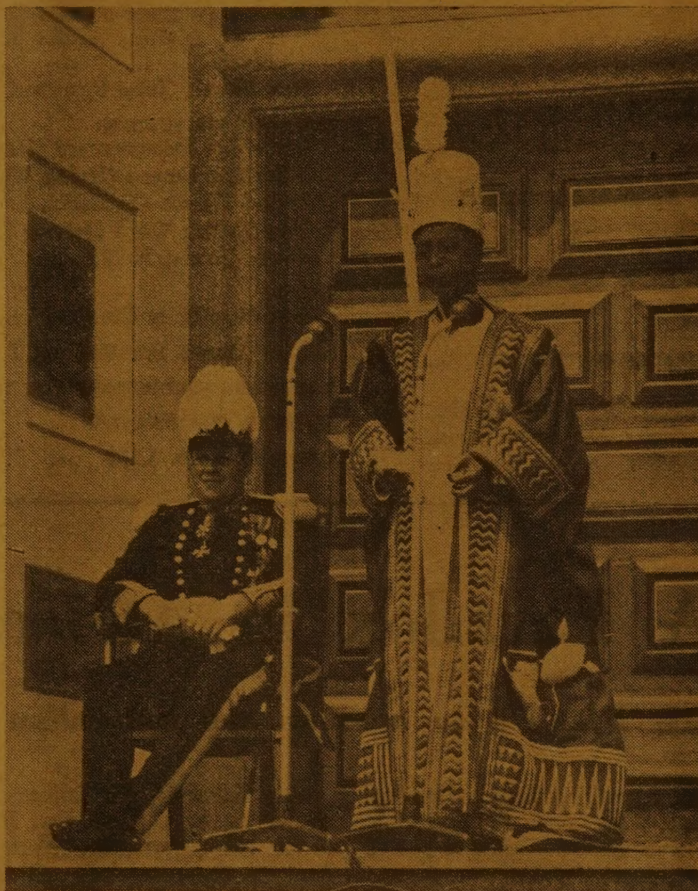
But Sir Andrew Cohen was hindered by a second factor that was soon to prove even more important. He was trying to focus

African political ambitions on national rather than tribal institutions. The Kabaka of Buganda was quick to realize that if this policy succeeded it would inevitably weaken tribal loyalties and thus jeopardize his own position as a tribal ruler. The result was the crisis in 1953. This became very complex but the main issue was a threat by the Kabaka to oppose publicly Buganda's participation in the central legislature. The deportation of the Kabaka in October 1953 was no solution. Africans were deeply offended and angered, and eighteen months of political crisis followed. Finally, after much bargaining, a new Buganda Agreement was negotiated; the intense tribal agitation for the return of the Kabaka was rewarded, and Kabaka Mutesa II returned in triumph. As part of the bargain the Baganda agreed to end their boycott of the Protectorate Legislative Council and the constitution of the Buganda Government was reformed to turn the Kabaka into a constitutional monarch and to increase the powers and autonomy of the new Buganda Government.

From all this arose an important paradox: by securing internal democracy inside Bu-

ganda and Buganda elections to the Legislative Council, Sir Andrew Cohen had cleared a constitutional path for the nationalist parties to rise to influence, but politically he had made this rise to influence much more difficult because the immediate result of the deportation was an even stronger and more exclusive Buganda tribalism. The indirect effects were just as disadvantageous to nationalism. The crisis freed the new Buganda ministers and chiefs of the most important liability that elsewhere in Africa has caused the political defeat of so many powerful chiefs. They could not be accused of being the timid willing agents of imperial rule. They had in fact opposed the British and had won the return of the deported Kabaka. The people could therefore be loyal to their tribal leaders and fiercely anti-colonial, a combination of sentiments not usually possible. Moreover Buganda is just big enough and wealthy enough for many of her people to believe that they, if necessary, could be independent on their own. The nationalists were thus robbed of the twin slogans of anti-colonialism and independence, a monopoly which normally is their most telling weapon against the chiefs.

The tribal politicians of the Buganda Government had further overwhelming advantages over the nationalist parties: they controlled a government with important functions, substantial revenues, and a real degree of internal autonomy. In contrast the nationalist parties had little revenue, little influence, no patronage



The Kabaka of Buganda, Mutesa II, at the opening of the new parliament building in Kampala in 1956. On the left is Sir Andrew Cohen, then Governor of Uganda

and were without the backing of any government. It is small wonder that they lost out. Between 1955 and 1958 the tribal politicians in control of the Buganda Government mobilized their political resources and overwhelmed the nationalists. Some national politicians were attracted back into tribal politics; others were forced out of Buganda politics by fairly crude abuses of official power. For example, Joseph Kiwanuka, then Secretary-General of the Uganda National Congress, was accused of plotting to murder the Kabaka and was sentenced to five years hard labour by the Kabaka's Principal Court. On appeal to the High Court the case was swiftly dismissed. The Chief Justice in his judgment commented severely on the lack of any reliable evidence to justify the conviction. But no doubt more timid souls drew the moral that it was dangerous to oppose the Buganda Government.

Having eliminated the political force of most of their Baganda nationalist rivals, the ministers of Buganda then pushed to the limit their claims to full autonomy. By lengthy legal controversy they have held up the election of the five Baganda members of the Legislative Council for two years; the controls of the Protectorate Government over Buganda have been as narrowly limited as possible. Finally, in December 1958, they requested that British protection should be entirely withdrawn from Buganda so that Buganda could be a fully independent tribal state.

It will not do to treat this merely as an unfortunate revival of archaic sentiments. Underlying it are the real and understandable fears of the people of Buganda that their institutions and their interests will be abused in an independent Uganda in which they will be a disliked minority. Yet one consideration should caution the supporters of this present extreme tribalism in Buganda. In the not too distant future Kenya, Tanganyika, and much of Uganda will be ruled by African nationalists. Despite their immediate successes it is hard to see how the rulers of Buganda can have any long-term security save through a *modus vivendi* with African nationalism. As this point is not entirely lost upon the present leaders in Buganda there is still ground for some hope that a constitutional settlement may be reached that would be acceptable to both traditionalist and nationalist. It is a thin hope, but with so many grounds for pessimism it is worth mentioning.

Outside Buganda political parties have fared a little better. But nowhere is there a single nationalist party with real compelling political power. Instead there are several parties each the serious opponent of the other and none able to become a unifying rather than a dividing force in Uganda politics. Also in most districts,



A voter receiving her ballot paper at a polling station near Lira, Uganda, during elections for the Legislative Council in 1958

and particularly in the three smaller tribal kingdoms, tribalism is still the more important force. Yet everywhere hostility to British rule is on the increase. Britain may now be faced with the depressing alternatives of staying on in an atmosphere of increasing hostility, which would offer no prospects of any easier solution at a later date, or of withdrawing now while there are grave dangers that the unity of Uganda would quickly be shattered by tribal and party rivalries. If this dilemma is to be removed, means must be found to break the preoccupation with tribal politics and to stimulate the growth of powerful national parties. This is why the recent constitutional committee has recommended a dramatic constitutional advance. It would be a gamble, but the Report argues well that it is a necessary one.

Sir Frederick Crawford, now Governor, has not been enthusiastic about these recommendations. He has not accepted the proposals for universal suffrage or for a chief minister and a cabinet responsible to the legislature rather than an executive council which he, the Governor, would choose. But he has agreed to go ahead with an elected majority in the Legislative Council. The gamble is still to be tried though the stakes are to be a little lower.

Even if nationalism and the parties are both strengthened, two fundamental problems would still remain. A constitutional settlement of the relationship between Buganda and Uganda must be negotiated which will be acceptable to the traditionalists and to the nationalists. Tribalism cannot be willed or bullied away. Nor can it be ignored. Unless there is an early settlement of Buganda's political future, Uganda will move towards its independence with an unresolved division that could quickly destroy all hope of a unified peaceful development.

Finally, it seems certain that Uganda will have three or more fairly weak parties in the first years of her independence. The experience of other British territories in Africa and Asia is that the Westminster parliamentary model will break down in a newly free territory that lacks a strong majority party. It would be sad if Uganda were to be launched into independence with a form of democratic institution which, British or not, is very likely to prove inappropriate and unworkable.

Obviously, a great deal of optimism is required to predict a stable or tranquil future for Uganda in the next few years. It is, I regret, more than I can muster.

—Third Programme



Drying coffee berries, one of Uganda's principal exports

Rights and Privileges

By CHRISTOPHER MARTIN

IN one of his funniest numbers Peter Sellers is taking off the pompous politician 'It is our right', we hear him saying, 'nay, our duty, to take our firm stand on this matter'. And if you do not trust Sellers as a guide to political language, you have only to pick up a newspaper and read its editorial, or the report of some speech, to see this phrase constantly recurring. It was, for instance, according to the Prime Minister, 'our right and our duty' to send our troops into Jordan in the summer of 1958; and such an explanation was clearly intended to allay any possible doubt about the legitimacy and the justice of our action.

There are two things to be said about this. In the first place, those of us who are inclined to be sceptical about taking the platform utterances of public men at their face value may want to laugh the whole thing off as rhetorical exaggeration; and we can perhaps say that such language is justifiable in the circumstances, since the job of these proclamations is not so much to persuade unbelievers by advancing good reasons as to engage their sympathy in the most effective way. This, we might argue, is the function of political terms.

Then—and this is the second line of defence—it is sometimes suggested that rights and duties are in any case correlative: that my right over you entails your duty towards me, and vice versa. My right to your services, for example, when I have employed you, entails your duty to work for me. So that, provided we do not look too closely into the matter, we can comfortably go on assuming that the language of rights and duties is a good way of discussing a wide range of our political problems; not only national questions like where we can send our troops, but a whole host of vexed issues between the state and the citizen as well. Because it seems to me that the misuse of these terms lies behind many of the muddles and frustrations in contemporary political thinking, I want to examine them more closely. What I am going to suggest is that rights and duties, far from being happy playmates to be paraded amidst cheers on every platform, are in fact in their political contexts opposed to one another, and have become fossilized there.

Roots in Roman Law

But before I can do this, I ought first to indicate the areas in which, I think, we can perfectly legitimately talk about rights and duties. In this way I shall hope to show all the more strongly the dangers of abusing them in political contexts. We need have no hesitation, then, in recognizing that this terminology is particularly appropriate in legal language, for discussing such matters as contracts. The term has its roots in Roman law, and is concerned originally with titles to property: there were absolute rights, and contingent rights, depending upon the strength of the owner's claim. This language is still valid: we can, for instance, in a contract where one party agrees to deliver goods to another by a certain date, and to receive payment on delivery, properly say that reciprocal rights and duties are thus created. Any breach of contract would properly be treated by a court of law as a failure to fulfil a specific duty, one that has been knowingly and voluntarily undertaken; and in adjudicating the matter, damages would rightly be awarded on this principle.

With this I have not the slightest quarrel. But it is the continuing tendency to use the language of rights and duties in political language, where it merely fogs the issues at stake with a blanket of irrelevant morality, that I want to examine and criticize. Enormous energy is being spent at the moment, particularly within the ranks of the Labour Party, to work out afresh what political principles are valid for the nineteen-sixties; and so far the attempts to reach a solution and provide a solid basis of political principles are, I would argue, frustrated by this failure to take account of the misuse of these two concepts, rights and duties. Mr. Gaitskell, by prudently retaining Clause IV, may

have staunched the wounds for the moment. But, as I shall try to show, this is only a temporary solution. If therefore we are concerned to rescue political discussion from its present *impasse*, we have to see how far rights and duties are embedded in it; and then explore ways of replacing them by other concepts that are more relevant to things as they are today.

Influence of John Locke

First, consider 'rights': although the 'rights of Englishmen' was a phrase on Cromwell's lips, it first became a dominant concept through the work of John Locke. He was greatly impressed by the scientific certitude unleashed in the writings of such contemporaries as Newton, and was anxious to discover the equally certain principles governing political behaviour. Because its origins in Roman law gave rights an ancestry of unimpeachable objectivity, the idea appealed to Locke. He was concerned to undermine the Divine Right (with no 's') of Kings, and to find something equally fundamental and self-evident by which to replace it. So his famous list of 'civil interests', of life, liberty, houses, furniture and chattels, became for his contemporaries who were passing the Bill of Rights an expression of their basic assumptions.

When you have passed Rousseau and reached the American Declaration of Independence, the phrase 'inalienable rights' makes its most historic appearance. Tom Paine further popularized the idea, so that with the first blush of the French Revolution, when, as Wordsworth said,

Reason first began to assert her Rights,

the idea that people had things called rights which could not be taken away from them had become ingrained. You might kill another man, and so take away his life, but you could not deprive him of his right to his life. This assumption, as much as any humaner reason, influenced the abolition of duelling in England; a man, it was felt, could not forfeit his inalienable right to life.

The rights principle first revealed its limitations in the class struggles of the early nineteenth century. The Combination Acts of 1805, directed against the infant trade unions, were framed in the belief that there could logically be no legitimate claim that conflicted with the employer's natural right to lay down terms of employment for the hands that he engaged. The straightforward belief in unassailable rights, which had seemed appropriate when Locke had framed it for a simpler age, was no longer applicable.

Even in 1960 the idea that civil rights are fundamental and unassailable is still much alive. Above all, in the ideal of the 'opportunity state'. Its watchword is 'property-owning democracy', and its recent great battlefield was Crichton Down. The belief upon which it rests is that if everybody owns things, this will prevent the creeping paralysis of socialism; and by making great play of personal rights of ownership, it hedges possession about with sacrosanct inviolability. 'Rights', in this sense, is what linguistic analysts would call an 'is' word. The fundamental thing about them is that they are there, and though they may be threatened, ignored, or infringed, they can never be made to disappear.

Fighting for Our Duties

Now let us consider 'duties'. Although they may claim an ancestry stretching back through the catechism in the Book of Common Prayer as far as the middle ages, and perhaps ultimately to the Stoics, as an effective political concept for today their pedigree is much shorter. It was Mazzini in the eighteen-forties who intended to shock his audience of Italian working men by telling them that what they must fight for was not their rights—which led, as he argued, straight to *laissez-faire* capitalism—but their duties. Democrat at heart as he was, to him the concept

of duties was the one effective way of co-ordinating all the various activities that went on in a modern state. Only thus, he believed, could rival interests be reconciled, and conflicting claims resolved.

His idea has had some undemocratic offspring, but we can also trace from him through the Fabians the idea that nowadays is fulfilled in the concept of the 'welfare state'. 'From each according to his means to each according to his need' has in this country been translated into practical terms in all the legislation which is based on a belief that everybody should contribute equally into a common pool on which those in need may draw. What holds the state together, on this view, is precisely that everybody must pay his share for the benefit of everybody else. Duties, in this context, could be called a 'must' word. For the sake of the community, each individual has a paramount obligation to join in.

It was David Hume who first pointed out the gulf between 'is' and 'must'. No amount of facts, he pointed out, can logically entail an obligation. And although what Hume said in the consideration of ethics may seem misplaced in a discussion of political concepts, his insight throws some light on our present political dilemmas. On the one hand there are those who are basically committed to a belief in property being private and inalienable, and on the other hand those who regard it as something upon which the state has a legitimate claim. In practice the issues are never as clear cut as this, nor so diametrically opposed. No tory dares to demand the abolition of income-tax. But, while the battleground is somewhere indeterminately between the two concepts, it is from these opposing entrenchments that the contestants derive their basic inspiration.

Precisely because the battleground is so indeterminate (as witness the present convulsions within the Labour Party) I want to suggest that it is time to revise our basic concepts. For if we take an unprejudiced look at things as they actually are, we shall find that the original antithesis between rights and duties has now lost all its force.

Privileges, not Rights

In the first place, therefore, I suggest that we should stop talking about rights, and talk instead about privileges; not in the derogatory sense in which the left used to talk of the 'privileged classes', but rather more in the way that the army talks of 'privilege leave'. A soldier is firmly told, when he joins up, that he has his leave not as a right but as a privilege; but, as any harassed officer who has had to work out a leave roster will tell you, he will get it all right, provided only that he is not under detention and that there is no national emergency.

This use of privilege seems to be an appropriate model for the things we like to call rights: if somebody owns a house somewhere in Leicestershire, he may suddenly find himself next month presented with a compulsory purchase order, because his back garden is on the site of the proposed extension of M 1. Certainly there is machinery by which he can complain, and in fact the line of the motorway has had to be altered because some such complaints were successful. But in the end somebody's back garden will be bought up, because having a motorway is considered to be in the national interest. He will get compensation, but he would probably prefer to keep his garden. Probably, too, he will not do much more than grumble (unless he is a member of the People's League for the Defence of Freedom), because grudgingly he sees the point.

It is because most of us do see the point that I want to say that we should now be prepared to talk about privileges instead of rights. We keep what we have most of the time, and we are protected by law and the police; but in the last resort we may have to give it up, for the sake of the general interest. The situation is completely different from what it was a hundred years ago, when the railways obtained their wayleaves across private property only on certain conditions; so that Lord Braybrooke, for instance, was able to insist that all expresses to Cambridge should stop at Audley End. We no longer expect to behave like that, and we should therefore bring our vocabulary up to date. For privileges is a 'may' word: other things being equal, it respects the owner's claim, just as the army recognizes the soldier's entitlement to leave; but it does not, as 'rights' in this context tends to do, invest that recognition with the awe accorded to inalienability.

Duties are due for a similar modification; and I am only echoing a trend of thought now common when I suggest that we should instead talk of responsibility. Consider the Rent Act. On the old, moralizing terminology we would say that the landlord had a duty to keep his property in good repair; and this enabled the popular press to condemn the owners of slum property as bad landlords. Now we take a more enlightened, more humane approach. We realize that landlords must be able to charge an economic rent in order to have enough money to maintain their property in good condition; and allow them to give tenants notice to quit if they need more money for that purpose. They need not improve it, provided only that they keep within the minimum provisions of the health regulations; but they are encouraged (by grants and so on) to do so. Opportunities for ferocious and irrelevant moralizing against them are thus largely removed; and the whole transaction now fits far better into the mature phraseology of responsibility than the vindictive language of duty.

Satisfactory Wage Structure

The whole painful evolution of a satisfactory wage structure for various branches of industry can be similarly treated. No longer are old-guard socialists in a position to say to employers that it is their duty to pay every man a decent living wage (and the employee's right to demand it). The hollowness of such talk has been exposed in *The Angry Silence*. In a society with more or less full employment, and the common acceptance of union rates even in non-union firms, the difficulties that arise over wages are of rather a different order. All those concerned—management, officials of various unions, and representatives from the shop floor—have to sit down together and work out the fairest compromise they can on which to base a complex wage structure. To say that it is their duty to pay every man the right wage is misleading and silly.

Responsibility is, after all, a 'should' word; when people fail to carry out their responsibilities properly, we rightly consider it regrettable; and in the way that the word is used nowadays of criminal irresponsibility, those concerned have to take measures to minimize the effects of anti-social irresponsibility. But at least, by thinking like this, as we now do, we have broken free from the logical immobility of talk about duty. And somehow responsibility seems to me a far more appropriate term for discussing the doings and failures of human beings, whether in their private or public affairs.

What is more, a 'should' word, responsibility, and a 'may' word, privilege, break away from the rigid antithesis between rights and duties and reopen the possibility of a flexible discussion of our political problems. Nor does this mean that we have repudiated their moral aspects; if anything, the fresh terminology allows for a more intelligent consideration of the moral issues involved. Consider, for instance, something that the Prime Minister said in his recent public speech at the conclusion of his African tour: 'Nothing', said Mr. Macmillan, talking of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, 'must be done to destroy the security and rights of Europeans'. When I heard this, I found myself immediately asking what those rights were, and how far they were bolstered by the reference to security. Certainly there are Europeans in Central Africa who have contractual rights, such as mining concessions, which would at present be respected in a court of law. But these are rights in the strict legal sense, contingent upon the circumstances in which they were originally contracted.

A Misleading Description

I think the Prime Minister meant more than that; and if he had in mind such things as voting rights, half of whose security comes from their exclusiveness, then, whatever our views about the Federation, one thing is clear: to talk of civic qualifications as rights, with all the diehard inalienability that the term implies, could easily be misleading. I cannot help thinking that, in this matter as in so many others, it is better to talk of privileges which have been earned and must certainly be respected, privileges that carry with them particular responsibilities. This may be rather a public-school morality, but at least it makes cool and rational discussion more possible—*Third Programme*

The Listener

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Summer Term Begins

BY the end of this week most of Britain's 6,000,000 school children will have reassembled for a summer term which (despite examinations) can be one of the most enjoyable parts of the academic year for teacher and pupil alike. Next Monday the B.B.C. school term will also begin. For television viewers it will start with an afternoon broadcast on natural history, dealing with 'Water in Nature', an ecology series that follows last term's 'Birds in Winter' and 'Trees and Their Inhabitants'. In these programmes different parts of Britain will be visited in order to see the effect water has had on her coastline and scenery. For sound listeners term will start in the morning with 'Singing Together', aimed at the nine to twelve age group, followed by a talk for fourteen-year-olds about the police illustrated with interviews and—lastly—an 'Intermediate French' lesson. In the afternoon 'People, Places, and Things' will describe an Australian sheep station for listeners expected to be over eight; 'The Music Box' will introduce younger listeners to orchestral music; and then Roger Fiske will speak to older ones about the overture in orchestral concerts (illustrated from a record of *Die Fledermaus*). He will be followed by the first extract of a family serial for children of low mental ability and, lastly, a reading from Huckleberry Finn designed for thirteen- to fifteen-year-olds.

Even from this first day's output some idea can be gathered of the comprehensiveness of educational broadcasting as provided by the B.B.C. We print today on another page an account by Mr. John Scupham of the recent history and present aims of the programmes on television. Although it would be different in detail, a similar account could be written about those on sound. The purpose behind both is not to replace the teacher or invade his syllabus but to provide an ancillary service which can help him, and to do this in as wide a variety of schools as possible. The summer term is a notoriously busy one, with time for work competing against time for games, and both against participating in school plays or other desirable activities. What the B.B.C. has to offer is most carefully devised. One can imagine the usefulness to one school of the French lessons; to another (without perhaps a music master on its staff) of Roger Fiske's talk; and the wide appeal for many of the natural history series, supplemented as these broadcasts generally are by a well-illustrated pamphlet.

The standards set by schools broadcasting and the impact of different programmes are of immediate concern to those schools that have opted to take any particular series of broadcasts during any one term. They are also of concern to the School Broadcasting Council which guides the B.B.C. and to the various other professional educational bodies advising the Independent Television Authority or the programme companies. But the standards are perhaps of most importance as part of the whole output of broadcasting directed at the young as they grow up into what Mr. Scupham calls, echoing the recent Crowther Report on education, 'the world of easy money and early marriages, of advanced technologies and confused purposes, of mass entertainment and menacing world events'. Both the television set and the wireless can help teachers to establish links between a child's experience at school and the attitude he will have during his life when his teacher will not be there to guide him.

What They Are Saying

The Korean crisis, and Moscow on fashion

THE POLICE SHOOTINGS in South Korea, and the ensuing concessions by Dr. Syngman Rhee to popular indignation, have been followed by several noteworthy radio reactions. A commentator on the Communist East German Deutschlandsender said:

We are bound to note common features in the policy of the Governments of South Korea and Western Germany. The troops of Syngman Rhee are being prepared for the fight against North Korea, and those of the Federal Republic for the Blitzkrieg against the German Democratic Republic. The two armies are in the service of the strategic aim of combating socialism.

The East German broadcaster went on to say that such a policy could not be easily pursued in the era of coexistence, hence democracy had been curtailed in both South Korea and Western Germany. Nevertheless the Korean People's Republic (North Korea) and the German Democratic Republic (East Germany) had remained unshaken. The commentator continued as follows:

The Head of State of South Korea has become completely isolated, not only internally but also externally . . . In a certain sense the events in South Korea foreshadow what might happen in the Federal Republic . . . if the population of Western Germany allow the politicians of the emergency law and the Blitzkrieg to continue to do as they like.

'Radio Independent Spain', which appears to operate from Communist territory, said:

The events in South Korea . . . contain many lessons, among them one which must not be ignored by those conservative forces in Spain who think they can best defend their own interests by delaying the drawing up of a peaceful alternative to Franco's dictatorship. The conditions exist to enable the reconciliation policy to come to fruition in the form of an agreement among the anti-Franco forces . . . to launch a powerful mass movement which will bring about Franco's withdrawal from power peacefully. If the situation continues to deteriorate . . . the necessary conditions for a great popular rising will be created.

In West Germany the independent newspaper *Die Welt* applauded the rebuke to the South Korean Government by the American Secretary of State. With this spontaneous intervention for the oppressed against the oppressors, said the newspaper, the United States has made more impression on the Asians—and not only on them—than through millions spent on foreign aid.

Moscow radio in English for the United Kingdom has broadcast answers to questions sent in by two Glasgow teenagers, asking what kind of clothes Soviet teenagers are wearing. The Russian woman broadcaster, in her replies, said that Soviet teenagers are 'up-to-the-minute but they don't go in for extremes':

The girls do go in for the pointed toes and stiletto heels, though I think the majority prefer the little heel, and casuals and flaties. Skirts among the teenagers have gone up a shade, but not above the knee—just below. The sheath dress has caught on here, and we always try to achieve the slim look, but not always with success, for most Russians enjoy their meals and think: to hell with the figure.

A sartorial disquisition from the Russian home service struck a rather less sanguine note. It was the report of an investigation by a radio correspondent in Kharkov who had begun by trying to buy a new suit. He had, he said, tried on several in a local shop:

The sleeves of one had wrinkles, the collar of another did not fit and the lapels stuck out. The salesman, observing my disappointment said rather sadly: You will not find anything better. This suit is from the Senyukov factory.

The Kharkov correspondent said he had then been told by the management of the shop that the Senyukov factory did not take people's needs into account:

It is painful to us that, at a time when our people are producing sputniks . . . workers in a ready-made garment factory are literally incapable of hemming trousers or producing coats.

The Kharkov man said he had then gone to the Senyukov clothing factory and played over the recordings of these statements. A serious and frank debate had then broken out on the quality of suits and on 'how to make them good and comfortable'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

THE BALTIC EXCHANGE

'ONE OF THE institutions that account for Britain's "invisible exports"—that is, payment for services—is the Baltic and Mercantile Shipping Exchange', said HARRY GRIFFIN in a talk in the European Services. 'The Baltic, as it is usually called, is the greatest shipping freight market in the world, and the organization it has built up enables it to carry out virtually every business transaction relating to ships and to the cargoes they carry.'

'Like so many other City institutions, it has its origins in the old coffee houses of seventeenth-century London, where merchants and mariners could talk, and drink, over their mutual problems. Foremost among these establishments was the Virginia and Maryland Coffee House, known from 1744 onward as the Virginia and Baltic, for the good reason that most of its clients were interested in trade with either the American colonies or the countries of the Baltic seaboard. It is the latter part of this house's name which has been handed down to the present day.'

'By 1810 the increase in the volume of business made it necessary to take larger premises. A tavern in Threadneedle Street was accordingly acquired, and re-named The Baltic Tavern. In the upper part of this house was a public sale room in which the merchandise traded in was sold by auction daily. Much of the trade was highly speculative, and many a fortune was made or lost. It was this excessive speculation which caused respectable merchants on the Baltic to form a committee to regulate their affairs officially. These first rules and regulations were drawn up and published in April, 1823. After one further move, the Baltic Exchange came in 1903 to occupy its present site.'

'The main hall of the Exchange—the "floor", as it is called—is an impressive marbled room where the members meet to do business. The floor is informally divided into different parts according to the various markets. The Baltic's freight market—by far the largest on the Exchange—directs almost every kind of cargo to every corner of the globe, whether it is grain from Montreal to the Port of London, or phosphates from Casablanca to the Sudan, or sugar from Queensland to Greenock. When one considers the manifold technicalities involved in complex operations of this nature, it seems almost unbelievable that they are, as a rule, carried out by word of mouth alone. And yet, by tradition, this is so. Only when a particular negotiation is concluded is the contract drawn up embodying the verbal agreement.'

'Another section of the Baltic is engaged in the buying and selling of ships. It is impossible to be precise, but probably about three-quarters of the world's trade in this highly specialized activity passes through firms represented on the Baltic. Within minutes a London broker can tell you, for example, which ships are being offered for sale in San Francisco, or which Hong Kong ship owner is in the market to buy a vessel. The commodity markets of the Baltic are mainly concerned with grain, oil, and oilseeds, and are second only in importance to the freight market.'

'The Baltic is now a limited liability company, whose board of directors control the Exchange, look after the property, and maintain the



Pews in the main hall of the Baltic and Mercantile Shipping Exchange recall the seating in the old coffee houses where the Baltic traders first met

discipline of its members. Membership is by election, and would-be candidates are carefully scrutinized. There are more than 2,500, and strict rules of conduct are laid down to maintain the high reputation of the Exchange. For example, no member is allowed to withdraw a firm offer, despite any changes in circumstances, until its time limit has expired. Verbal agreements are absolutely binding. Hence the motto under the Baltic's coat of arms—"Our word our bond".'

'BLUE ANGELS' OF ITALY

We have been accustomed to having women in the police force in England for some years, but it is a new thing in Italy, as PATRICK SMITH, B.B.C. correspondent in Rome, explained in 'Today' (Home Service).

'This move', he said, 'is regarded as an important milestone in the emancipation of women in Italy, a country where the equality of the sexes is certainly not taken completely for granted. One newspaper here rather cynically compares the law admitting women to the hitherto exclusively masculine preserve of the police to the decision, albeit by only one vote, of a very early Christian council that women as well as men possessed souls.'

'The newspapers here have already dubbed the policewomen, who are to begin their duties in a few months' time, the "Blue Angels". There will be 511 of them to start with, of whom 102 will be officers with the rank of sub-inspector. A number of them will speak German as well as Italian and will serve in the Alto Adige, the former South Tyrol, where there is a large German-speaking population.'



Stained-glass windows at the Baltic Exchange containing coats of arms of Commonwealth countries with whom Britain has traded through this City institution

'The policewomen will not be armed, though it is possible they will be instructed in the rudiments of ju-jitsu. The applicants have to be single or widows, and between the ages of twenty-four and thirty-seven. Their uniform will be smartly cut, rather like that of an air hostess; they will wear a dark-blue jacket and skirt, a white shirt with a dark-blue tie, and shoes with medium-height heels. They will also wear a belt and a peaked cap with the emblem of the police—a golden eagle—as a badge. And, bearing

reconstructs the kitchen of a famous Lancashire witch, Mary Nutter, who died in 1928. There she is, at work with her herbs and bones, the black cat in attendance. I also saw a note of three present-day witches: one, Sarah Hatting, wanders up and down the road we know as A1, I was told; a French witch, Colette Volté, is also on the road, and there is another one at Forfar in Scotland.

'Among illustrations of the magic of vengeance, there is an effigy of an A.T.S. girl of the last war, complete with pins stuck into her, which was found on a disused camp site'.



A witch at work in her kitchen with herbs and bones: one of the exhibits at the museum of witchcraft at Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire

in mind the woman's prerogative to change her hat, they will also be issued with a second style of cap, a side cap, for normal duty'.

WITCHCRAFT IN THE COTSWOLDS

There is a permanent museum of witchcraft at Bourton-on-the-Water, in the Cotswolds, and it has just reopened for the season. It includes hundreds of exhibits, gathered from all over the country. BILL HARTLEY described some of them in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'There are no prizes for guessing the first thing you see as you go into the museum', he said: 'yes, a witch's broom. And there are a good many more to be found, as you thread your way through the well-displayed exhibits—one, for instance, that belonged to a witch in Somerset about 150 years ago.


'Although there are many pictures to be seen of witches in mid-air astride their brooms, I like the way the exhibition deals so honestly with that subject. It points out that witches never really flew. This is how the idea arose: witches used to meet at appropriate times in the house of one of them, and hold a ceremony with shuttered windows and with a huge fire going. They would drink potent herbal wine and rub their naked bodies with bella donna and aconite ointment. Then they would dance and leap about, and work themselves up into a state of delirium and trance and ride their brooms, hobby-horse fashion, round the room.

'There are exhibits showing that witches looked the same over hundreds of years, no matter where they were. Many countries are represented, with pictures and old prints and models and relics. There is one large exhibit which

'This was a good year for Charlotte because her education was now being more seriously considered. It was the famous Hannah More whose advice was asked and who, as a result, wrote a book called *Hints on Forming the Character of a Young Princess*. It is curiously modern in its outlook. For instance, although Charlotte was to be taught to be cheerful and self-controlled, she was not to be dealt with too strictly. There was to be method and regularity in her lessons. She was expected to learn Latin to help her in the use of accurate and vigorous English, and also French and German. Geography and history were to be linked together and history was always to be studied with a map. She was to have

a story read aloud to her every day, and had to re-tell it in her own words, to train her to distinguish between trivial and important facts. She was encouraged to enjoy *Don Quixote*, the *Odyssey*, the *Arabian Nights*, and Shakespeare.

'Charlotte's education was placed under the authority of her grandfather; so the old king, George III, asked the Bishop of Salisbury to give her religious instruction and to teach her Latin, and to superintend the different masters who taught her other subjects. Nothing is said about sums. Hannah More had excluded music from her educational plan, but Charlotte was very musical and learnt the piano and the guitar.

'After only a short time her grandfather became mentally deranged, and at fifteen she was again at Windsor under her stern grandmother's charge, where for two years she led a lonely and secluded life. Her early marriage to Prince Leopold and their only too short happiness is well known. We can, however, picture her as a small child, with her pale complexion and light curly hair, as she played with her white dog, her "dear Puff"'.


Princess Charlotte in 1806, aged nine: the dog is believed to be her 'dear Puff'

Conyers Read and Historical Biography

By JOEL HURSTFIELD

THERE has, for a long time, been an undeclared war among historians and biographers. It is also, in many cases, an unacknowledged war—indeed, a number of historians have somehow managed to get on with their work without even hearing the guns going off in the next street. Yet one of the most significant developments in recent historical study has been the difficult and controversial application of entirely new biographical methods. I believe that in time they will change our whole vision of the past.

These reflections are prompted by the recent appearance of Conyers Read's second and final volume of his great life of William Cecil, Lord Burghley; for its publication marks the end of a major historical work as well as the end of the long life of its author in the service of scholarship. I think, also, that the book marks the close of an epoch in Tudor historical studies.

All of us who knew this eminent American scholar had the deepest admiration for him. When I saw him in London last summer his *Lord Burghley** was about to be published, while his massive and indispensable *Bibliography of Tudor History*† (newly revised) had just come out. What other scholar, at the age of seventy-eight, could have completed two such heroic enterprises in one year? If he had decided, then, to rest on his laurels (which included also a three-volume biography of Sir Francis Walsingham and other works) he would have fully earned his rest. He wanted nothing of the kind. I had asked him, a few months before, if he would contribute an article to a book of which I was one of the editors. He at once agreed; and, as usual, kept his promise. He handed me a 12,000-word article, and told me that he was already hard at work collecting material for a projected life of another leading Tudor official. He shortly afterwards returned to the United States, and a few months later I learned that he had died.

Someone has said that historians would benefit if, as part of their training, they had a spell in the business world. I feel sure that that is right; and I should indeed like to extend the curriculum still further to take in a spell in the civil service. To see government records while they are being made—better still to take part in their preparation—would greatly help historians in using the public records of an earlier age. To have seen an official hand-out in the process of manufacture is an immense help in treating these ambiguous documents—of any age—with the nice sense of proportion which they certainly require.

Conyers Read, in his day, served both in business and the government service. His education, like his interests, spanned the Atlantic. From Harvard he went to Balliol, and from there to posts at Princeton, Chicago, and, lastly, Pennsylvania. But between 1920, when he left Chicago, and 1933, when he went to Pennsylvania, he was in charge of William Read and Son, the family textile business in Philadelphia; while in the first world war he served in the American Red Cross and, in the second, in the Office of Strategic Services in Washington.

For Read then, as for the men of Tudor England, there was no insurmountable barrier between politics, business, and learning; so he carried with him the ideal equipment to study and

understand the statesmen of Elizabeth I. And Read's business life, in particular, seems to have taught him to work with economy and realism, to plan what he set out to do, and to deliver the goods on time. He was not, I think, the introspective, sensitive scholar who would spend unrewarding hours pondering some fleeting incident or moulding some delicate phrase. Conyers Read wrote as he spoke, crisply, bluntly, factually. I recall the experience related to me by a leading American scholar, one of whose books had come out shortly before he encountered Read at a meeting. Read went up to him, said 'I've read your book', and walked away.

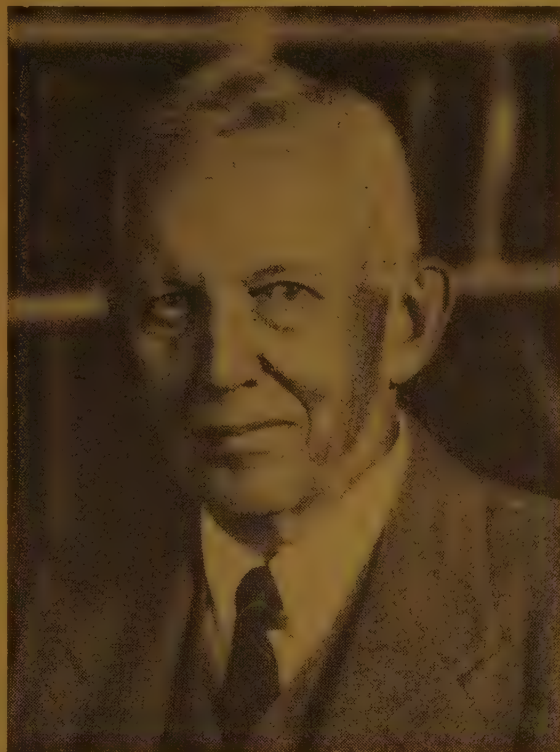
The remarkable capacity for hard work, which Read retained until the end, was characteristically displayed in his books on Walsingham and Burghley. Both men were, in their day, Secretaries of State. But Burghley also held two other major offices as Lord Treasurer and Master of the Wards; and Walsingham is well remembered also as head of the Elizabethan counter-espionage service. To study such men, and to write 1,400 pages on the one and 1,100 pages on the other, required an infinity of patience and a reservoir of skill. When one remembers also that Burghley was continuously in office for forty years; that he wrote prodigiously, and that his handwriting at times was worse even than that of Queen Elizabeth in a temper, then Read's courage in embarking on the work, and his achievement in completing it, arouse the profoundest respect.

There can be no question that these two books will long remain standard works. But, perhaps inevitably, the achievement—and the methods by which it was achieved—imposed conditions upon the result. Both works reveal admirably the mature scholar-

ship of their author. But, although thirty-four years intervened between his *Walsingham* and the second volume of his *Burghley*, it is significant that there is no notable change in the technique that he employed: even at a time when the processes of biography were being fundamentally recast.

In fact, both works look back to the best traditions of an earlier age. They tell the story of the man by describing in detail his public acts. For example, Burghley was much concerned at one stage in Anglo-Scottish diplomacy: as a result we get lengthy extracts in Burghley's timeless, colourless prose on one of the most tortuous, squalid, and dreary aspects of Elizabethan affairs. These dull passages are followed by fascinating accounts of Burghley's private and domestic life. But the book remains throughout the political history of the man and his age. It owes nothing to the analytical processes of our own day. That is what I mean when I say that his last book closes an epoch.

What about biography today? Each year still sees the appearance of numerous, straightforward biographies of some 200 or 300 pages which, if they do not go deep, at least range wide. They are sometimes written by historians but more often they are not. The good ones are extremely well written, and illumined often by the personal insight of the author. The bad ones are a re-hash of all the familiar stories. The fact that certain fallacies were exploded about fifty years ago does not in any way inhibit the writer, who then proceeds to pad out his book with descriptions of the



Conyers Read, American scholar and historian

* Cape, £2 10s.

† Oxford, £3 3s.

more scabrous sides of life in the period, to which he may add a dubious piquancy by a clumsy exploration of the sex life of his victim. (Poor Queen Elizabeth I: she comes up for the treatment over and over again.)

But even when these biographies are good, readable, and interesting, they are not designed as contributions to historical knowledge: they remain *ephemera*. They are still valuable in awakening the historical imagination, most of all in our schools. But with their help alone we cannot adequately explore the issues which are occupying the attention of historians today. For if history is, as I believe it to be, essentially the study of power in society—how men acquire power, how they use it and abuse it, why some men succeed in its use and others fail—then I think the ordinary, straightforward biography has had its day. We are asking new questions of history and trying to write a new kind of biography; and this has come about for two reasons.

In the first place, our experience of Europe during the last fifty years has made us want to ask these questions about power: economic power, mechanical power, political power, the power of the spoken word. It has also made us want to know more about the structure of society. Secondly, we find ourselves in a better position to answer these questions than our predecessors were fifty years ago. For now, at last, we are beginning to exploit intensively the mass of records in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, the county record offices, and the big private collections. For a long time these materials have been sampled and explored; and some scholars have come away from them with the purest of gold. But in the mass they have proved unconquerable, and so have the great institutions of the past. We know practically nothing, for example, about the Elizabethan Exchequer. The law courts of the period have told us so far only a fraction of their story. In Elizabethan diplomacy we have a long way to go. In the matter of politics and parliament we have come further than in most things.

The 'Namier-Neale Technique'

This last point is not really surprising; for it is in the parliamentary field that some of the new techniques of the historian have been most clearly shown. This work is most associated with the names of Sir Lewis Namier and Sir John Neale. Indeed, the expression the 'Namier-Neale technique' is now part of the accepted jargon of historians, while the verb 'to Namierize', if not in the current edition of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, may well be in the next. This school is firmly established with its methods, its bibles, its disciples—and its critics. The most famous expressions of their work are Sir Lewis Namier's *Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III* and Sir John Neale's *Elizabethan House of Commons*. They are very different books in conception, style, and contents; but both are excellent examples of this new approach. Because we are concerned with the Elizabethan period I shall take my examples from Sir John Neale, who was indeed Conyers Read's closest English friend.

The upper ranks of Tudor society were intimately bound together by family ties (we still sometimes describe the governing classes as 'the upper ten'; but I myself feel that the German expression, the 'upper ten thousand' is a more realistic one). For the Elizabethan period the 'upper thousand' would probably be best. For it was these men, influential in provincial society, commerce, politics, or administration—or indeed in all of them—who set the pattern of the contemporary political scene. They had their place also in a fine-spun web of patronage with the most significant men of the day at its centre. In most cases these thousand or so knew each other, worked or quarrelled together, met at the universities or the inns of court, and they intermarried. Some 400 at a time sat as members in one or other of the Elizabethan parliaments—about 2,700 over the whole period—and another fifty sat in the Lords. They supplied the Lords Lieutenant, the judges, the sheriffs, the courtiers, and the senior members of the civil service. They were not members of a caste, but of a class: for there was a good deal of social fluidity. A prospering yeoman's son might become a gentleman, and his son a peer. But once a man entered the upper ranges of society, his place there tended to be confirmed and cemented by marriage into the establishment.

Thanks to Sir John Neale's pioneer work we know a good deal about these men, the nature of their society, the framework of parliamentary debate, the whole complex of politics and patronage. Now, with the help of a handful of research assistants, he is preparing—as other scholars are doing for their periods—a series of volumes as part of the official history of parliament. One day the biographies of these 2,700 M.P.s will be written, and we shall have a wonderful contour map of a great sector of the Elizabethan people.

A Flood of Martyrology

What I have been discussing is specially concerned with the parliamentary history; but the same methods are being applied elsewhere. Historians have long wanted to know, for example, what happened to the land, and their purchasers when Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries. We are working on this question in detail for one county after another, and, when that is done, we shall be able to replace the existing guesses with some concrete answers. The same applies to Elizabethan catholicism. My personal impression is that the flood of martyrology that we have had in recent years has not carried us much further towards an understanding of the problem. In place of this we are asking our post-graduate students to investigate, county by county, the personal structure of the Catholic movement: who the Catholics were, how they lived, how they worked, whether they prospered or grew poorer, how their attitudes changed. As a result I hope that one day, after four centuries, we shall at last know the strength of catholicism in provincial England, its ebb and flow in response to the various pressures upon it, its role in politics and society.

In preparing these biographies we are, I think, getting ever closer to the roots of society and the forces behind social change. We are, at the same time, getting to know the individual man in his social context, and learning about people who were important in their environment but rarely of the stature to attract the attention of a biographer. We are studying their letters, their speeches, their lawsuits, their marriages; we are surveying their lands and assessing their wealth; we are discovering their patrons and getting to know a good deal also about their friends and their dependants; and, finally, we are reading their wills. We are doing this work systematically, and out of a mass of detail the main-springs of an organic society are beginning to come into view. Some of the results are already in print; for example, the admirable work of Professor A. G. Dickens on Yorkshire and of Dr. Mary Finch on Northamptonshire. I am hoping also that, before long, we shall have an excellent book on Elizabethan Norfolk by Dr. Hassell Smith.

Concern with What Men Do

These new methods, I know, are open to criticism, especially if used mechanically. For example, the fact that one M.P.'s wife was second cousin to another M.P.'s uncle does not, so far as I am aware, prove anything at all. To base patronage or party on this is to make nonsense of the whole business; but it is sometimes done. A more serious danger is that we may forget that history is concerned not simply with who men are but with what men do. If we judge a man by the company he keeps—or rather by the family he comes from—we may take a flat, almost deterministic, view of history. It would be a supreme irony if, at the very time when the Marxists are growing away from Marxism, some of its random seeds took root in somebody else's field.

Are we in fact spending too much time studying unimportant people doing unimportant things? I think not. For it is these middle-rank people, in all periods, who form the core and framework of government and society. They supply its administrators, its business men, its writers, and most of its politicians. They usually also establish the standard of its values and set the tone of its culture. They supply the second in command and the important followers of the great men of the day. Without them Leicester, Walsingham, or Burghley could not hope to accomplish the things they set out to do. But, if we go on studying these lesser men, we shall one day begin all over again to write the biographies of Leicester, Walsingham, and even Burghley himself.

—Third Programme

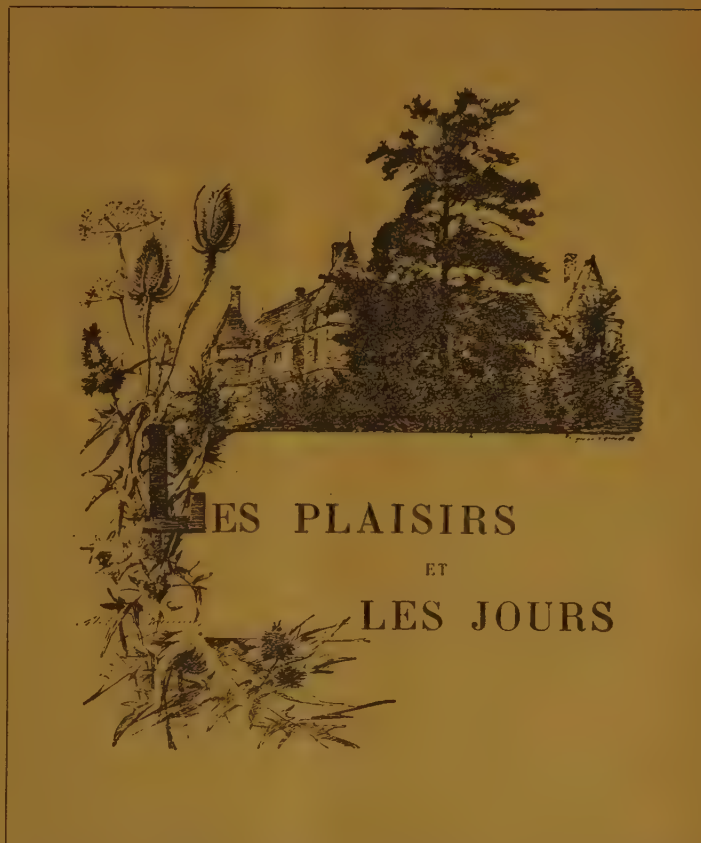
Memories of Marcel Proust

By MARIE RIEFSTAHL-NORDLINGER

WE met in Paris one December evening of 1896, more than sixty years ago, in the home of my cousin Reynaldo Hahn. Proust was then twenty-five and enjoying a year's sabbatical leave from his unpaid duties at the Bibliothèque Mazarine, studying at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques and attending Bergson's lectures at the Sorbonne. His first book, *Les Plaisirs et les Jours*, had been published by Calmann Lévy with a preface by Anatole France, four piano pieces by Reynaldo and numerous illustrations by Mme Madeleine Lemaire; the very first of these depicted her Château de Réveillon in the Marne, more of which later.

My cousin was still at the Conservatoire. His *Chansons Grises* had appeared, his first opera *L'Île du Rêve* was in preparation, and I had just arrived from Manchester to study painting in Paris. Marcel often came round to the Rue du Cirque in the evening. He was completely at ease in the hospitable, cosmopolitan household, which enabled me to observe and appreciate his unusual personality, the more so since, speaking French fluently, I had been accepted just as I was—the young, twenty-year-old cousin. Indeed my aunt had declared: 'She is the only English girl who doesn't say "*je trouve Paris très excitant*"'. (I had been warned that it did *not* mean exciting or thrilling!)

When Marcel and his friend were not going out together and others dropped in—Frédéric de Madrazo (Coco), Raphael da Ochoa (Raff), the Huets—we played old-fashioned writing games, such as 'confidences'. On one occasion, asked to confess our worst faults, Reynaldo met with a measure of incredulity when admitting jealousy and pride. Marcel confessed: 'Yes, I too am inordinately jealous, but I am not proud; on the contrary, if anything,



Title-page by Madeleine Lemaire of the original edition, showing the Château de Réveillon



Illustration by Madeleine Lemaire for 'Le Dîner en Ville' in *Les Plaisirs et les Jours*: Proust is front-face (third from left)

I am humble'. As Swann was to do later, we vied with one another in establishing analogies between our friends and acquaintances and their potential portraitists. Graphology was another favourite pursuit in which we anticipated Swann. But sooner or later we gathered round the piano where Reynaldo kept us spellbound for hours—'*de la musique avant toute chose*'. The unexpected arrival of musical friends prompted choral and operatic improvisations. I more than once heard the whole of *Così fan tutte*, and much of Gounod, Lully, and Gluck, and of Massenet of course, too. They extemporized charades and parodies at which Marcel excelled, hilarious laughter mingled with flashes of brilliant wit and profound observations. Reynaldo was tireless, conducting a round trip of his current favourites and recent discoveries before yielding to our clamour for his own compositions.

Although the *Etudes Latines* did not appear until 1900 they symbolize for me those evenings of long ago, as the collection contains pieces dedicated to Massenet, Marcel, Coco, and to me. Proust greatly enjoyed the society of his friend's sisters: 'You are lucky in being among them like Apollo among the Graces', he wrote. He kept up a warm friendship with my cousin Maria, both before and after her marriage to M. Raymond de Madrazo, and his letters to her bear witness to his faith in her judgment of people and literature. He sought her criticism of *Baldassare Silvande* before sending the story to the *Revue Hebdomadaire*.

But let us go back a little. The evenings which I remember most vividly were those when we were alone, just the three of us, Marcel, my cousin, and I, talking, reading, arguing, each of us contributing some personal, technical, aesthetic experience. We discussed everything—literature, poetry, painting, eighteenth-century art versus the recently imported oriental arts, symbolism, '*vers libre*', '*la métaphore*'. Marcel rebelled against obscurity

and make-believe, he was already a champion of the gothic cathedral: 'the gigantic mirror (he wrote) of science, history and the human soul, the most complete artistic realization ever achieved of the greatest dream to which humanity had ever aspired', while Reynaldo, enamoured of classicism, quoted Leonardo to him, analysed the merits and demerits of Wagner, himself completely engrossed in Mozart. Marcel had an astounding memory; a single page read aloud evoked a host of others by dead or living authors. I listened to them eagerly, amazed at meeting, as it were in flesh and blood, people who hitherto had been nothing but names in print. How we exaggerated our likes and dislikes, how we scorned those whom we did not adore! *Heures propices à nos jeunesse en fleurs!*

On Sundays we sometimes met at the Louvre; I remember one very special visit, to the Italian Primitives, special not only on account of our enjoyment but because it was the one and only occasion on which we arrived late for lunch at the Rue du Cirque! I first saw the work of Chardin and Le Nain with Marcel and Reynaldo whose several commentaries I was to find anew years later in *Contre Sainte-Beuve* and *Le Journal d'un Musicien*. Even more astonishing for me in those far-off days were our occasional calls at Duran Ruel's to see a Manet or perhaps a Lautrec or the latest Monets. Young people were always welcome but I should never have dared to venture there alone. At the Luxembourg I discovered the Impressionists, as yet not promoted to the Louvre; we admired the 'Lac Bleu' by the American painter Alexander Harrison, the *Collection Caillebotte*, the early Rodins. The modern school of painting fascinated us no less than the old masters, alike as they were in the interplay of contrasts and underlying unity, which, incidentally, also applied to our evenings at the theatre or music-hall. A message having announced: 'We have the seats' or 'Marcel has a box', they would take the English cousin to see *Le Bossu* or *Les Deux Gosses* or to hear Fragon 'chanter les Blondes', applaud Polin or Mayol. But our supreme delight was aroused by Sarah in *Phèdre* and Mounet-Sully in *Oedipe*.

It was Madeleine Lemaire who had introduced Marcel and Reynaldo to one another in 1894, an auspicious meeting to be perpetuated nine years later by Proust in his *Chronique* of the *Figaro*. Throughout the years, the *Cour aux Lilas*, the *Atelier des Roses* in the Rue de Monceau nourished many talents, upheld many causes, and the early successes of the two friends undoubtedly owed much to Mme Lemaire and her daughter Suzette's patronage and friendship—a demanding friendship maybe, a somewhat jealous patronage, but the mutual attachment of all concerned never flagged. And I too, who saw so many of those memorable Tuesday evenings in May, like Marcel, think of those studio gatherings as somewhat akin to our own fragrant springtimes and I remain behind, alone, breathing, 'in ecstasy, athwart the patter of the falling rain, the scent of unseen and enduring lilac-trees' . . . On one of those mild, perfumed evenings, if I remember rightly the evening when Mme Emma Calvé had electrified and bewitched us with her 'incandescent voice', Marcel, while seeing me home, recited for me the whole of *La Maison du Berger*; the following day Reynaldo presented me with a first edition inscribed by Alfred de Vigny himself. On August 20, when the two young friends first visited Mme Lemaire at Réveillon, Reynaldo wrote to his sister: 'A pleasant journey, fine weather, house old, interesting and artistic, Mme Lemaire smiling, Mademoiselle Suzette affable and kind, Delafosse svelte, Proust ecstatic and dreamy—everything is rural and unpretentious'. In September 1895 he noted in his diary: 'Leaving for

Brittany tomorrow with Marcel': in spite of their hostess's disapproval! They arrived at Belle-Ile in the first week of September, disappointed they moved on a few days later to Beg Meil-Kerengrimen, where they stayed till the end of the month. Reynaldo's letters to his sister provide us with a detailed itinerary of their Breton journey. The last, dated September 27, ends thus: 'Brother Marcel's digestion is none too good. All the same he looks very well, is always quite charming and I am constantly aware of the radiance of his matchless intelligence and heart of gold'.

They had both in their way told me about this memorable holiday. Reynaldo acquainted me with the highly talented painter Harrison (whose 'Lac Bleu' we knew), who had spent nine months of every year at Beg Meil for seventeen years without tiring of it. 'I look forward keenly to the pleasure of seeing you with your cousin', Harrison had written. 'Come any Friday after three o'clock, tomorrow if possible—my best remembrances for you and for Proust and my respects to Miss Nordlinger'. I had no idea that on that Friday in July 1897 I had had tea in the Rue Campagne Première with the prototype Elstir-Monet, the personification of Impressionism, a theme destined to recur endlessly in *Remembrance of Things Past*. Even less could I have guessed that my friends Reynaldo and Marcel would return in 1952 as Jean Santeuil and Henri de Réveillon, that Harrison, in the meantime the writer C, would reappear at the Rivebelle restaurant in *Within a Budding Grove* as 'the artist I knew at Balbec'—the Balbec Proust raised above the submerged Beg Meil-Kerengrimen as he was later to erect *Remembrance of Things Past* on the foundations of the abandoned novel.

It had been a revelation for me to meet a young Frenchman who knew—even if only in translation—such English authors as Dickens and Carlyle, Thomas Hardy and Robert Louis Stevenson, who raved about Emerson and wept over George Eliot, who had

read not only every word of Ruskin that existed in French, but knew whole passages by heart. And I venture to think that the arrival of an English girl who shared his enthusiasm and who actually lived not far from the Rusholme Town Hall where Ruskin had first delivered his lecture *Sesame and Lilies*, must have seemed a favourable omen.

Paul Desjardins, Proust's teacher at the Lycée Condorcet, had initiated him into the cult of Ruskin. The books by Milsand, Bardoux, Robert de la Sizeranne's translation of his *Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty*, had aroused considerable interest in France. Visits to cathedrals were the fashion. While averse to this mundane and snobbish pose, Marcel nevertheless admitted that 'the universe suddenly regained pricelessness in my sight, my admiration for Ruskin invested the things he had made me love with so great an importance that they seemed to hold an even greater value than life itself'. So he celebrated the cult of Ruskin by pilgrimages to the very places where the soul of Ruskin lingered and he was to regain his own. When springtime returned and hay-fever put an end to these excursions, I searched for other 'open sesames', a penny packet, for instance, of balsam-seed, to which he replied: 'Thank you for the non-aromatic balsam, balm for me the more so for not being balmy'. One day I succeeded in sending him something he had never seen before, tiny Japanese flowers, made of pith, that open in water, predestined to become everlasting flowers, immortalized in his *Ouverture de Swann*. Then, towards the end of 1899, I received a letter from him containing a passage the full significance of which we now recognize: 'I have been labouring for a long time [we now know, since his visit to Brittany] on a long-winded piece of work [Jean Santeuil as it has



Marcel Proust, about 1897

been named] but without completing anything, and at times I wonder whether, like the husband of Dorothea Brooke in *Middlemarch*, I am not amassing ruins. For the last fortnight I have been busy with a totally different little job—to do with Ruskin and certain cathedrals’.

Simultaneously a letter from Reynaldo said: ‘Marcel will be writing to you one of these days, besides wanting to thank you for, I gather, a charming letter, he wants to ask you for some sort of information concerning Ruskin. He is much occupied with this person at present and is translating the fourth chapter of his book on Amiens’. Yes, chapter four of a book he could barely decipher! For it is true, Proust knew hardly any English—his mother, who had a good working knowledge of the language and whose devotion never faltered, filled several ‘yellow, green and red exercise books’ with her literal versions. I do not know at what exact moment he had decided to translate the *Bible of Amiens*, quite possibly after I had told him how, on my way to England, and guided by Ruskin’s *Separate Traveller’s Edition* (1881), I had examined the cathedral in detail. I also visited Saint-Loup-de-Naud and the abbé having lent me his treatise on his church, its origins and analogies with the sculpture of Chartres, I lent it to Marcel before returning it to its author. He was thus well prepared for his later expedition with the Bibescos.

In January 1900, Marcel wrote to me: ‘On hearing of the death of Ruskin, I cannot help but think of you, so intensely, that I must write to you . . . it was to you more than anyone else, to whom I wished to express my sorrow, a healthy sorrow albeit and replete with consolations, for when I see how mightily this dead man lives, how much more truly I admire him, strive to understand and obey him than I do many living men; I know how slight a thing death is’.

‘Miraculous Dream’ Come True

In the outwardly uneventful existence of Proust the year 1900 was to be of exceptional significance, the long deferred fulfilment of his passionate craving for Italy, the ‘miraculous dream’ come true. His voluminous correspondence contains very few references to this important event and the opening words of chapter three in *Albertine Disparue*—‘My mother took me to stay for a few weeks in Venice’—hardly convey the complications which finally resolved themselves one radiant May morning when my aunt, my cousin and I welcomed Marcel and his mother in Venice. In April Marcel had written to me: ‘I have just received your letter saying you are in Florence. Let me know should you go to Venice, it is possible I might go there too. Alas, flowers and hay-fever prevent Florence’. Reynaldo had written from Rome, where he and his mother had spent the winter: ‘Mama would be delighted if you came to Rome. Being so near to the Eternal City you would not be sorry to have a look at it. I would take you back to Florence, probably with Coco, and perhaps (but with an enormous question-mark) to Venice, whither Marcel intends going. If you accept, this would, I think, be the best arrangement. Look out for a spate of telegrams!’ Thus was Marcel’s consuming desire gratified, ‘*le séjour à Venise*’. ‘Those blessed days’, a footnote in the *Bible d’Amiens* records, ‘when with a few other disciples “in spirit and in truth” of the Master (Ruskin) we went about Venice in a gondola, listening to his sermons at the water’s edge and landing at each of the temples which seemed to rise out of the sea to offer us descriptions of the objects he had described and the very image of his thought, imparting life of their own, the glory of which is reflected on these buildings for ever’. One might almost think, so close are their hearts and minds, that this was Ruskin talking about Proust!

A few hours after his arrival, Marcel and I began to revise our translations in the shadow of St. Mark’s. Nor can I forget how once, during a sudden storm, we sought sanctuary within, and I read to him the appropriate passages from *The Stones of Venice*. He was strangely moved, wholly rapt, entranced; he alluded to this incident in *Les Eglises Assassinées*. But our activities were by no means limited to Ruskin! We explored churches, galleries, famous monuments, we met Mme Proust and my aunt at Florian’s, on the Piazza, for an ice, *un granito*, or at Quadri’s, across the way, to watch the Venetian and cosmopolitan crowd at coffee; nothing escaped Marcel, every moment filled him with delight. At sundown we met again, ‘*per una sgondolata*’ on the Lagoon, with

Reynaldo chanting Gounod’s *Biondina Bella*, *Dans Venise la Rouge pas un Bateau qui bouge*, to the rhythm of the water, or Fauré’s ‘*Au bord de l’eau, au calme clair de lune triste et beau*’.

The year 1902 saw me back in Paris, a silversmith in Bing’s Art Nouveau Workshops. Proust, more and more absorbed in his translations, often summoned me by messenger, telephone, or *petit-bleu*. I have kept some of these: ‘Marcel begs you, if possible, to be so kind as to come round tonight at nine o’clock’. On my first visits Mme Proust received me graciously in the salon before taking me to Marcel; soon, however, Félicie (a prototype of Françoise) would take me straight to his room, returning with an ice or an orangeade for me and boiling hot coffee for Marcel. I carefully poured him the skin with the milk—‘It’s the cream, it’s the best part’, I had once been admonished. Orders were given that none save M. Hahn be admitted. Antoine Bibesco, shortly before his death, reminded me how on one occasion he got in, but never again! Marcel liked to keep his friends in water-tight compartments. Whatever the season, the room was oppressively warm and he, though confined to bed, would be swathed in woollens and wadding; even so he was invariably fastidious about his appearance. His discomfort was quite incredible, the bed was littered with books and papers, on his left a small bamboo table (his launch, ‘*la chaloupe*’) was piled high with a heterogeneous collection of medicines and odds and ends, a cheap wooden penholder or two lay on the floor. Only Ruskin mattered. Our sessions lasted late into the night. The resources of dictionaries had been exhausted before my arrival, but we had to scrutinize every chapter, examine a sentence or define a mere word. Our talks ranged far and wide, but his silence was even more eloquent, questioning me, sounding me, with his luminous, omnivorous eyes—eyes I have seen alight with gaiety or mischief or suddenly, mysteriously, suffused with tears.

The death of his father delayed the appearance of the *Bible of Amiens* until May 1904, but *Sesame and Lilies* was already far advanced in February when he announced: ‘I have been working on *Sesame* like a nigger, I am on fire for *Sesame* and for you’. Meanwhile, Mme Proust had commissioned me to model a portrait of her husband, a bronze relief for his grave in the Père Lachaise cemetery. The preface to *Sesame and Lilies: Sur la Lecture* was published in the *Renaissance Latine* in June 1905, revealing Proust at the height of his powers; it met with immediate and outstanding success. The book itself appeared in 1906 and on the title-page of my copy Marcel crossed out his name and replaced it with mine. Henceforth he was to keep an urgent and important appointment with the ‘essential book’—‘the only real book’, he declared, ‘a writer does not have to invent it, because it already exists in each one of us, but to translate it. Real books are born, not of daylight and talk, but of obscurity and silence’.

I saw Marcel Proust for the last time in 1908. Whether or not he repudiated friendship, ours endured, unclouded beyond time and space. As his books reached me, I found and I still discover, between the lines, messages intended for me alone and which none other can decipher. And this friendship, these memories of my youth, maintain and strengthen my devotion to France.

—Translation by the author of two talks broadcast in the B.B.C. French Service

After the Rain

After the rain the white wool of the clouds
Is suddenly twitched aside to bare a sky
Like a huge thrush-egg inside out. In crowds
Wet swallows sit on wires to chat and dry.

The frog-green door of the cottage bursts open and
The woman comes from the scullery with bright
Baskets of linen straining her either hand
That also shake out wings and take their flight.

All the world was at wash. The apple hitches
Bleached handkerchiefs on every twig, and there
Are lambs laid out on grass after the storm,

And dandelions’ scrubbed faces in the warm,
And scatter of many embroidered starlets where
The stitchwort plies her needle in the ditches.

HILARY CORKE

Aims of School Television

By JOHN SCUPHAM, Head of Educational Broadcasting, B.B.C.

IT has been the habit of late', wrote Maria Edgeworth, 'to attempt teaching everything to children in play, and ingenious people have contrived to insinuate much useful knowledge without betraying the design to instruct; but this system cannot be pursued beyond certain bounds without many inconveniences. The habit of being amused not only increases the desire for amusement, but it lessens even the relish for pleasures, so that the mind becomes passive and indolent, and a course of perpetually increasing stimulus is necessary to awake attention'.

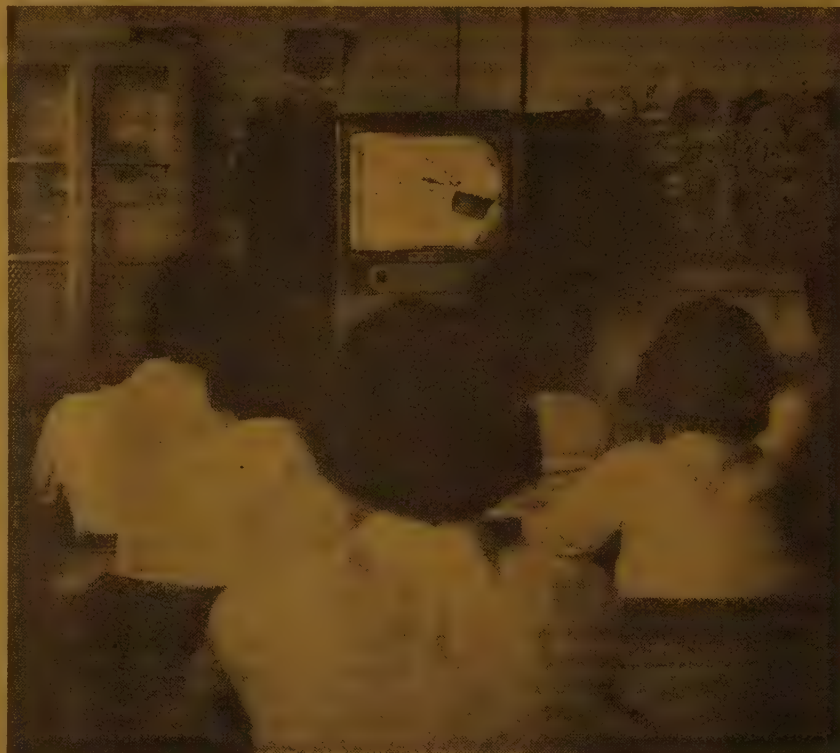
Some critics of school television condemn it altogether as an amusement of just that kind; others want it to undertake the straightforward business of teaching. In this country the developing service has found its own path between extremes, and the broadcasting term which begins next Monday will mark the end of a phase during which school television has been limited in scope and tentative in character.

For the B.B.C., school television represents the extension to another medium of a service which has been provided for more than thirty years. Sound school broadcasts reach four-fifths of the schools in the country. They have developed with the support of a Council representing the educational world, which interprets the needs of the schools to the B.B.C., and to which the B.B.C. has delegated the broad control of educational policy. The Council bases its requests on the evidence provided by a field force of Education Officers and a central Secretariat which are placed by the Corporation at its disposal, and the requests are translated into plans and programmes by the School Broadcasting Department of the B.B.C.

The possibility of a television service for schools had been envisaged since 1946; its realization had to wait until the resources were available. A brief experimental series on closed circuit for six schools in Middlesex provided some useful experience. It was followed by a continuous service which was welcomed by successive Ministers of Education and designed to be permanent if it proved successful, but which was addressed primarily to children of eleven to fifteen in secondary modern schools, and which was to be subject to assessment in two years' time. The number of schools officially equipped with receivers was confined by agreement with the local education authorities to some 400, but the audience was soon augmented by schools which found their own ways of equipping themselves, and now stands at rather over 2,000. This period of experiment came to an end last June, when the Council published its promised assessment*, and in the belief that it now had 'solid ground for confidence in school television as an asset of increasing value to the country's educational resources' asked the B.B.C. to make the service permanent,

to increase the number of series to ten, and to bring within their scope both primary schools and the sixth forms of secondary grammar schools.

By agreeing to launch an expansion on these lines in the school year 1960-61, the B.B.C. gave a new impetus to the current debate about the right educational uses of the medium. In the early days there was some theoretical hair-splitting about the differences between film and television; the power of television to show events while they are happening has not, however, proved to be of much educational importance. Children respond in the same way to live and to pre-recorded television, and film is an important ingredient of nearly all programmes. Film is completely under the control of the teacher; television offers him a new experience to share with the children. Fundamentally both pose the same question: how can moving images with a spoken accompaniment be made to serve educational purposes? In the United States it is sometimes claimed that television can take over the whole burden of teaching, and that with the help of any adult capable of looking after 100 children it can be trusted to teach skills, impart knowledge, and modify



A class in a London secondary school watching a television programme

Henry Grant

attitudes. At Hagerstown in Maryland, the schools are linked by land-line with the television studios of the local education authority so that all the teaching of selected subjects can be done by the best local teachers. To use television in that way here would be to deny the British tradition of diversity and independence in education and at the same time to divert the medium from those tasks for which it is best equipped.

The Crowther Report has recently focused attention on two urgent needs. One is the need to bring the education of the older children in secondary modern schools into closer relationship with the world of easy money and early marriages, of advanced technologies and confused purposes, of mass entertainment and menacing world events, which they will soon be entering. The other is the need to ensure that the academically gifted boys and girls in sixth forms are not shut in by a sterile specialism. At both levels the danger lies in fragmentary experience, and isolated scraps of knowledge; the need is for a wider grasp of relationships and coherences, whether in practical or imaginative or intellectual terms.

It is the nature of a television programme to present a synthesis. It has little in common with the dialectics of the classroom though it is devised to serve as a stimulus to that process. It must communicate as a work of art does by presenting a pattern that can be grasped as a whole, and leaving the viewer with an enhanced power to discover such patterns for himself. It makes its visual impact in sharply individual and not in general terms. For that

* B.B.C. School Television Broadcasting: a Report on the first two years. Obtainable free from School Broadcasting Council for the U.K., 3 Portland Place, London, W.1

reason it perhaps has most to offer not to the academically gifted, but to those who accept and understand life most readily in concrete terms, whose concern is with the visible aspects of the world, whose responses and habits of thought must be based on what they have seen for themselves, and who never move easily into the realm of generalizations and abstractions. For them television can be an introduction to complexities ranging far beyond their immediate experience, which would always elude them on the printed page but which are accessible when they are embodied and visible. To range from the laboratory demonstration of a principle to its large-scale industrial applications; to show the elm tree as part of an ecological complex in which both caterpillars and carpenters have their place; to ensure that the events of the week are seen in the wider perspective of history; to trace the interaction between men and their environment—these are the contributions of television to science and natural history, to current affairs and geography, and to breaking down the barriers between them.

A television programme can offer children an ordered extension of their experience in space and time. It can show them lives so different from their own that their whole view of human possibilities is enlarged. After a series of programmes about primitive hunters, herdsmen, and farmers, a teacher in one small school wrote that 'it came as something of a revelation to the children to realize that not everyone in the world is a wage earner with a shop just round the corner from where he lives'.

If new knowledge is to have the force of a revelation for the ordinary child it must come to him in ways that engage his emotions as well as his eyes and mind. Another series used archive film to present to children of fourteen the story of the last sixty years; experience, to their elders, but no more than dead history to them until they saw the programmes. 'They laughed at the early shots of Hitler', wrote one teacher, 'just as their fathers laughed in the early 'thirties; then came deepening concern and realization. The development of events caught them, and they sat stiff, a little more upright than usual, with unbroken intentness'. A good expository programme may thus be closely akin to drama, and the straightforward presentation of great drama to children for whom theatre-going lies outside the range of possibility or of social habit has shown that Marlowe and Shakespeare and Shaw can bring to ordinary children a release from drab or narrow circumstances, a new range of insights, and something of 'the habitual vision of greatness' without which A. N. Whitehead thought moral education to be impossible.

Children in 'television homes' watch the screen for some two



Dr. Kenneth Mather, F.R.S., Professor of Genetics in the University of Birmingham, showing stages in cell division in the crocus in 'Science for Sixth Forms'

and a half hours a day, but the more serious evening programmes move within a range of assumptions that belongs to the adult world, both in what they say and what they leave unsaid. A programme for schools is a communication to children of a specific age for a specific purpose. It can take nothing for granted, and least of all can it assume that the image speaks a universal language, or that pictures can be left to tell their own story. It is easy to think of a television programme as given in a single definitive form to every viewer, but except in so far as there is an art of moving shapes with neither representational character nor logical interconnexion, a visual music addressed to the innocent aesthetic eye, the act of viewing is a continuous act of interpretation. To see a picture is to make an unconscious judgment of what is significantly there to be seen; to find meaning in sequences of pictures is to try whether they will fit into familiar moulds, or whether those moulds must be modified. The programme that we see as adults is created out of our adult concepts and memories, and habitual responses; a child brings to the programme his own simpler apparatus, and the very intensity of his interest, the clarity and endurance of his memory of individual images, may conceal a great gulf between his experience and ours. 'We had to readjust our ideas about seagoing', said a report on a programme about fishing on the Grand Banks. 'Living inland, our knowledge of nautical matters is mostly derived from

tatty old television films. Therefore we expect a storm, and to be shipwrecked; it surprises us to find a captain who is not insane or a dipsomaniac, and a mate who is not in the pay of a rival firm or a foreign power. The absence of the beautiful stow-away puzzled us too'.

To learn is to adjust the stereotypes with which life or art have so far endowed us. An Education Officer who studied the impact of one term's drama grew familiar with 'the worried look of the child who was trying to grapple with something just beyond his experience and comprehension'. Galsworthy's *Strife* was rejected absolutely by the less able fourteen year olds, as too close to their circumstances yet too alien for them to penetrate to its timeless elements; too scrupulous in its distribution of sympathy for their black-and-white moralities. Strikes in the welfare state are not like that, and in any event, when there is a struggle one side must be right. Yet Shaw's *Androcles* set the same audience talking eagerly of persecution and martyrdom and the ways in which a man may be a Christian in the modern world.

The problem there was one of choice, but most programmes are specially devised for children of a given age range and intelligence. If there is to be a



Dr. W. S. Bullough, Professor of Zoology in the University of London, with the model of a pterodactyl in 'The Evolution of Living Things'

valid act of communication the producer of a programme must know his audience. He must judge what vocabulary of concepts its members have. He must avoid the theme that lies too far outside their intellectual and emotional range, and the theme that lies too easily within it. He must so order his material that the attention is visually undistracted and directed towards essentials, and he must at every point decide what for that specific audience must be made explicit in words. It can be assumed that children will to some extent be able to supply their own unconscious, unspoken, yet ultimately verbal 'commentary' on what they will watch; but otherwise the meaning of what is shown on the screen must be carried by the words, and conveyed by some form of narrator (or, in broadcasting jargon, 'anchor man') whose personality and expository skill will be of cardinal importance for children.

The words in a programme must direct attention. They must point out causes and effects and relations and interconnexions not only between the constituent parts of the programme, but between those and the child's own experience. They must range from the image on the screen to the image in the children's memories. Above all, they must transport the audience from the realm of images to the realm of concepts. Except where the logic of spatial relations or the abstractions of mathematics are concerned, the word and not the image is the instrument of conceptual thought. An experimental series has shown how animated diagrams and models can contribute to an understanding of Euclidean geometry and its practical applications, but most thinking is not of this kind. In the fields of discourse, which must be systematically mastered in purely intellectual terms and ordered by concepts of a high degree of generality, television can make only a limited, but an important, contribution. Over much of the ground of

science eye and mind must often move together to grasp some intricate pattern in the natural world. A recent series of scientific programmes for the whole sixth form which brought to the studio scientists working on the frontiers of knowledge in nuclear physics, radio astronomy, and cell physiology, showed beyond a doubt how large a part television might play in making the arts specialists 'numerate'. Even in this type of subject there comes a point at which the world must leave the illustrative image behind as a brake on the speed of thought; an anchor holding the mind to the particular and the individual. The screen can show only the speaker; but at the sixth-form level the impact of his authority and distinction of mind may give a new weight and quality to the spoken word.

Whatever the audience may be, school television is never primarily concerned with the insinuation of knowledge, however useful, but with the understanding of relationships and with the values implicit in those relationships. If it is rightly conceived for the audience it will not evoke an idle half-attention to unrelated images, which could be dismissed as 'passive' viewing, but will set the mind questing for an attainable meaning. The stimulus it offers is the solid satisfaction of understanding. In so far as it succeeds it neither teaches in any conventional sense nor replaces the teacher. It is only the teacher who knows his children who can ensure that they bring to the programme the irreducible minimum in the way of knowledge, concepts, and vocabulary. The experience of viewing will still be different for every child. It is only the teacher who can find out where the individual distortions and misconceptions lie, who can ensure that they are smoothed away and that the pattern is complete, and who can fit it into the wider pattern of the child's developing view of the world.

Fishes like Birds

By A. J. MARSHALL

UNTIL very recently it is almost true to say that my interest in fishes was confined to just a few individual species, notably, I think, trout, salmon, and halibut. The trout grilled; the salmon smoked; and the halibut baked. Then I got mixed up, so to speak, with the reproductive endocrinology of one or two other species of fish. And now, if I were starting all over again, I would decide to work mostly with fishes, not birds, as my study material.

One of the things about modern bony fishes that most impresses me is how like birds many of them are. By this I do not mean flying fishes. In any case, flying fishes do not fly in the way that birds and bats do. A few fishes, frogs, and reptiles have developed gliding powers, but none of them actually flies, though some of the reptiles that lived about 120,000,000 years ago undoubtedly did. By the expression 'fishes like birds', I mean just this: however strange it may seem, cold-blooded fishes in water, and warm-blooded birds on land and in the air, have developed many kinds of behaviour that are closely similar. I was rather startled when I began to think about this a little while ago.

Take flocking, for example. Pre-nuptial flocking is common in both birds and fishes. The flock is mutually protective, probably more certain in its path-finding, and almost certainly mutually stimulatory in relation to reproduction. Individuals sometimes assemble in millions—notable examples are shearwaters among birds, and herring among fish. Even the common fresh-water roach sometimes congregates in such numbers that the bigger fish push the smaller ones out of the water.

Now let us think in terms of courtship and other forms of display. This is such a familiar sight in birds that we hardly think about it at all: the threat significance (to rivals) of the red breast of the robin, the trailing courtship plumes of the birds of paradise, the energetic antics of the barnyard cockerel, and so on. If we look at fishes we see much the same sort of phenomena; there are almost startling examples of convergent evolution with birds. In some soft-finned fish, such as certain carp, the male is brilliantly

coloured and indulges in an excitable display during the mating season. Some species of carp develop before breeding nuptial tubercles, which are lost after the spawning season, just as African wattled starlings and some pelicans develop fleshy head or horny beak appendages at a comparable period of their breeding cycle.

Among many fishes the males become more vivid during the breeding season. The display of the Siamese fighting fish is reminiscent of that of birds of paradise in its quivering intensity. And, just as the dark eye of the domestic cockerel becomes redder in times of emotional excitement, and the blue eye of the satin bower-bird likewise, the bright-red or blue pigmentation of some fishes becomes more vivid in similar circumstances.

Another thing that seems to me to be interesting is that for many years it has been known that the mere sight of a cock pigeon is enough to cause an adult hen to lay. This may sound a little far-fetched, but it is true that a hen pigeon kept by herself generally will not lay. If you put her in a cage where she has sight of a male pigeon she will lay. Her cage can be closed and sound-proof: it is the mere sight of the opposite sex that somehow builds up nervous responses to a threshold that stimulates the anterior pituitary gland (which is just under the brain) and in turn the ovary is caused to ripen quickly and liberate an egg. That this happens has been known for years. But now it has been found that the same thing can occur in fishes. For example, the New York zoologist Aronson has found that if an isolated female fish *Tilapia* is allowed merely to see another individual (of either sex) in an adjacent aquarium, her spawning frequency is more than doubled. And it is known that other fishes behave in the same way.

Let us take bird song: apart from its rather charming effects on us—and on poets like Keats and Shelley in particular—to the species that practise it bird song is of vitally utilitarian significance. It is important to birds in warning others off their chosen territory (the melodious robin on its favourite branch, for example) and it is equally important as a reproductive stimulant to many others.



A stickleback guarding its eggs in the nest

But I confess that I have been surprised to read evidence that the grunting of a small, rather chunky little fish, the goby, probably has a stimulatory effect on female gobies.

Since the development of elaborate hydrophonic apparatus during the last war, parts of the oceans have been found to resound with grunts, groans, rasps, squeaks, and clicks. Many of these may serve as reproduction, as well as flocking, stimuli. One is irresistibly reminded of the whistling songs of the sirens. Scientists many years ago shattered our illusions by insisting that this has nothing to do with mermaids (nor even dugongs or manatees) and that the sounds are emitted by fishes of the genus *Sciaena*. It will be just one more illusion lost if we are next told that the song is not that of the sirens calling to the chaps, but in fact, the chaps calling up the sirens.

I suppose if most people were asked what different groups of back-boned animals defend territories they would immediately say 'birds', and probably let it go at that. In fact numerous fishes, as well as birds, stake out territories and attack savagely in their defence. Among North American fish, the darters position themselves in the shallows, each male selecting a site that he thereafter considers his own special territory. Any other male that approaches is repulsed with vigour; females, on the other hand, are allowed to remain. How like birds this is; and so are many other examples of fish behaviour.

Everybody knows how savage male birds may become during the mating season when sex hormones are flowing in their blood stream. For example, during this season a male satin bower-bird will turn savagely on its own offspring. If the youngster is not quickly put into another aviary the father will kill it. This behaviour on the part of birds made possible the development of the cruel old sport of cock-fighting, which is still practised illicitly in England and legally in many countries of the Far East.

Likewise, fish-fighting is a flourishing sport in Thailand and neighbouring countries. During the reproductive period Siamese fighting fishes of the genus *Betta* become as pugnacious as bower-birds, and they are pitted against each other in licensed fish-fighting on which considerable sums of money are wagered. The ferocious midgets gore each other fearfully. Much nearer home, the common little three-spined stickleback is a formidably savage fighter. Apparently these sticklebacks make violent strikes with their pelvic spines, and engagements can end fatally.

At the other end of this scale are numbers of lake, river, and occasionally sea-shore fishes that behave rather like birds. They build nests. Often the female fish behaves like a reptilian turtle or crocodile, snake, or lizard, and deserts her nest after the eggs are laid. But often she behaves like some birds and guards them fiercely against intruders. The brooding African lung-fish will badly maim any human hand that is incautiously placed in her nest. She quietly lies there, day after day, almost motionless, guarding her thousands of eggs. Not quite motionless, however:

she moves her tail very slightly, and this keeps the sluggish water of the papyrus swamp moving enough to aerate the water and enable the developing eggs to breathe—just as a hen bird turns her eggs from time to time. Nesting usually involves the shifting of gravel and stones, or the clearing of a space in vegetation. Many birds—gulls, plovers, and the like—build this primitive kind of nest.

In Borneo, Siam, Malaya, and neighbouring countries the gathering of birds' nests for soup-making is an important local industry. The cave swiftlets of the genus *Collocalia* have enlarged salivary glands, and these overgrown glands produce a mucus that the birds use to cement fibres together and to glue them to the rocks as nests. The common British swift that builds in the local church belfry does the same thing in a minor way, but it does not put very much soup in its nest, so to speak. Again there is an analogy with fishes. Some of them (for example, certain sticklebacks) make relatively elaborate nests of seaweed or freshwater plants. These are sometimes gummed together with mucus. This cement, however, does not come from the same glands as those that produce birds' nest soup.

Much has been discovered in recent years about parental care in fishes. Although no heat transference is involved some species actually guard the eggs in a manner analogous to the brooding of eggs by birds. Again, a number of fishes (for example, seahorses) carry their eggs in special structures that are even more elaborate than the special perambulator device that has arisen in certain penguins—notably the Emperor Penguin of the Antarctic. In this majestic penguin, and others, there has been developed a special fold of skin which droops over the webbed feet, and this feathery flap, along with the feet, forms a cosy incubator in which the single egg, or the very small young, can be carried about over the ice. Likewise, several fishes carry their eggs and newly hatched young in their mouths. Although some such fishes (for example, some of the genus *Tilapia*) are carnivorous they do not normally swallow the eggs incubating in their mouths; although if they are disturbed or frightened in captivity they may do so. In some species of *Tilapia* parental care is so highly developed that even after the young fishes hatch and swim free they dart back into the conveniently open parental mouth whenever danger threatens.

I do not want to push the comparison between birds and fish too far. In any case, these behavioural convergences, so astonishing at first sight, are in fact perhaps not really so very surprising. Both fish and fowl have basically the same nervous and glandular equipment. Much the same environmental situation arose and had to be overcome (and, if possible, exploited) whether the environment was wet or dry. The truth is, I have given up being surprised at anything I see in Nature—or in human nature, for that matter.—*Network Three*

THE LISTENER

next week will include

'The Fear of Realism in Art'
by Anton Ehrenzweig

'The Story of the Brains Trust'
by Michael Wall

and

'The Springs of Nationalism'
by David Thomson

(the first of a series about 'Nationalism in the Modern World')

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

April 20-26

Wednesday, April 20

A group that has been studying ways of spanning the Straits of Dover reports to British and French Governments that a tunnel would be 'technically and financially feasible'

A motorway to encircle central London is proposed by the British Road Federation

Thursday, April 21

The Queen celebrates her thirty-fourth birthday

The South Korean Cabinet resigns following the recent disturbances in Seoul

Two important advances in their work are claimed by the Imperial Cancer Research Fund Council

Friday, April 22

British Railways and London Transport announce increases in fares from May 8

The South African Minister of Justice discloses that ninety-four white people and more than 1,400 Africans have been detained so far under the emergency regulations

Saturday, April 23

It is announced from Seoul that President Syngman Rhee of South Korea is to give up his powers in favour of a cabinet presided over by a Prime Minister

The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Parker, tells the National Association of Probation Officers' conference that he is in favour of reintroducing corporal punishment in a limited form

Sunday, April 24

Tunisia accuses France of acts of aggression on the Algerian border

Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, arrives in London for next month's Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers

Monday, April 25

Mr. Khrushchev renews his threats to the Western Powers over the signing of a peace treaty with East Germany

At least 700 people are killed in an earthquake in Lar in southern Persia

Mr. William Carron, President of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, in a speech at Blackpool, denounces communists as 'the werewolves of industry'

Tuesday, April 26

Law of the Sea Conference at Geneva breaks down

Representatives of sixteen allied nations which fought in the Korean War are called to the State Department in Washington to discuss recent events in South Korea



Police using hoses in an attempt to disperse students demonstrating in the South Korean capital of Seoul last week against the 'rigging' of last month's elections returned President Syngman Rhee to power for the fourth time; more than 120 were killed. On April 26 President Rhee reported to have offered to hold new elections and establish a new form of government.



William Roycroft of Australia, winner of the British Horse Society's trials at Badminton last week, taking a jump on Our Solo during the final event on Saturday. The Queen and members of the royal family attended the trials



The Eagle of St. John: a preliminary design of a section of the tapestry design for Coventry Cathedral by Graham Sutherland, which is included in an exhibition of modern French tapestries at the Victoria and Albert Museum until May 22. The tapestry is being woven for the cathedral by the Pinton workshops at Felletin. Last week the Queen conferred the Order of Merit on Mr. Sutherland



Zhou En-lai, Prime Minister of China, and Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, before starting talks in Delhi on April 20 on the dispute over their frontiers. No agreement was reached, but Indian and Chinese officials agreed to study the situation. *Below:* a demonstration in Delhi against Mr. Chou's visit



General de Gaulle and President Eisenhower driving together from Washington airport on April 22 after the French President's arrival from Canada on a state visit to the United States



At midnight on April 20 Rio de Janeiro ceased to be the capital of Brazil, and the lights were switched on in the new capital of Brasilia, 700 miles away. This photograph, taken from the President's Palace, gives an impression of the spacious planning of the new city which is still under construction



House and church, near Leominster, Herefordshire. The house, which dates from the fourteenth century, has been restored and is now open to the public for the first time since it was acquired by the National Trust three years ago

A. P. Kersting

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Science anti-Science

Sir,—I have read *The Mirage of Health* very carefully in order to review it for a medical journal, but the impression it left on me was very different from that given by Dr. Magnus Pyke (THE LISTENER, April 21).

It is true that it warned against medical science claiming too much—a very salutary warning, too—but it was in no sense anti-science. Its main message is that the conception of perfect health is a mirage, not from the failure of science but from the nature of man. A really healthy man is not content to be like the Andean potato or Brazilian rabbit that have come to terms with their environment: as soon as he has attained what he thinks he wanted he will want something else. Essentially man is an adventurer, a pioneer, so he will be always meeting new conditions which involve new hazards. As fast as one obstacle is overcome he will find another, whether on the medical or another plane. The ideal of perfection is a mirage, but we cannot live fully unless we strive for it; it is essential to progress even if one is doomed to disappointment. It is, in fact, the dynamic of science and not anti-science at all to which Dr. Dubos draws attention.

Yours, etc.,

Winsford

W. N. LEAK

Sir,—As Dr. Magnus Pyke observes, it is 'surely illogical to blame the gentle Einstein because modern civilized nations now manufacture hydrogen bombs'. But has Dr. Pyke heard of Sir William Penney?

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

JOHN VEALE

Bodies and Minds

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. V. A. Firsoff, in his letter provoked by my broadcast (published in THE LISTENER of April 14), argues from the premise that 'mind is the primary datum of our experience' to the conclusion that 'there exists a psychic or mental continuum'. He appears to think that this argument is a sufficient refutation of epiphenomenalism. But epiphenomenalism, whether in its usual sense or in the modified sense which I gave to it, does not deny the existence of mental states, and need not deny that they are primary data; it need not deny even that mental states are all parts of a 'mental continuum'.

But I, at least, would deny that immediate experience makes it certain that such a continuum exists, if to assert that it exists is to deny that there are gaps in the flow of a man's mental states from birth to death. I do not know whether or not there are such gaps.

Your correspondent asserts that the brain is 'only a tool' of the mind. The idea that there is a similarity, or analogy, between certain parts of our body and tools was suggested by Plato and survives in the term 'sense-organ'. There are similarities. But the analyst of the connexion between body and mind has to consider also the ways in which this idea may be misleading and

inadequate. What I said about interactionism was intended to suggest some of these ways.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

W. F. R. HARDIE

The Mystery of the Elizabethan Stage

Sir,—The reviews in English weeklies of Mr. Hotson's recent book (I did one myself so I kept an eye out for the others) almost all agreed on two main points: (a) that the members of a modern audience sitting fairly low down at the sides would not endure having to watch the play *through* his 'houses', or not see it at all, and (b) that his evidence for 'houses' at the side of the stage comes from arrangements where the audience sat only before and behind the stage, for example in college halls, not from theatres where the audience sat all round, so that many people would have the 'houses' in their line of sight.

It would be interesting to hear his answer on this question, which seems more important than those he discussed in his letter to you (THE LISTENER, April 14).—Yours, etc.,

Sheffield

WILLIAM EMPSON

Diocletian's Successors

Sir,—In his letter (THE LISTENER, April 14) Mr. Thomas J. Johnston completely distorts both the religious history of the fourth century and Gibbon's views on the subject.

Gibbon argued in chapter twenty-one not that the early Christian emperors were genuinely tolerant and benevolent with respect to paganism (as Mr. Johnston suggests by his isolated quotations), but only that they did not try to stamp out paganism in a single blow. They were motivated in this decision, Gibbon thought, partly by good tactical sense: 'while Constantine designed to ruin the foundations, he seemed to reform the abuses, of the ancient religion'; and partly by their preoccupation with heresy:

The divisions of Christianity suspended the ruin of paganism; and the holy war against the infidels was less vigorously prosecuted by princes and bishops, who were immediately alarmed by the guilt and danger of domestic rebellion. The extirpation of idolatry might have been justified by the *established principles of intolerance* [my italics]: but the hostile sects, which alternately reigned in the imperial court, were mutually apprehensive of alienating, and perhaps exasperating, the minds of a powerful, though declining faction.

And it is the internecine wars within Christianity which are the real subjects of that chapter. Not only Gibbon, but every responsible historian of the period, demonstrates from abundant evidence that the conflicts were marked by gross brutality and 'atrocious massacres'. (That phrase I take from Professor J. R. Palanque's account of the repression of the Donatists, in the first volume of *The Church in the Christian Roman Empire*, published in this country in 1949 under the *imprimatur*.) One quotation from Gibbon on this subject is particularly relevant:

The design of extirpating the name, or at least of restraining the progress, of these odious heretics, was prosecuted with vigour and effect. Some of the penal regulations were copied from the edicts of Diocletian; and this method of conversion was applauded by the same bishops who had felt the hand of repression, and had pleaded for the rights of humanity.

Mr. Johnston seizes on the point that Gibbon doubted the authenticity of one edict of Constantine's son Constantius, preserved in the Theodosian Code. Modern scholars do not share Gibbon's view on this text, but the whole argument is irrelevant since the Code has four additional laws against paganism by Constantius, all perfectly authentic. In fact, virtually the whole of Book XVI of the Theodosian Code (available in an English translation by Professor Clyde Pharr) is an outpouring of edicts against heretics in general, Novatians, Manichaeans, Eunomians, Arians, Apollinarians, Montanists, Donatists, Priscillianists, Jews, Sabbatians, apostates, Samaritans, and pagans. Here is one of the shortest, by the same Constantius, under date of February 20, 356:

If any persons should be proved to devote their attention to sacrifices or to worship images, we command that they shall be subjected to capital punishment.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

M. I. FINLEY

Alexander the Great

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of April 21 the reviewer of *A History of Greece to 322 B.C.*, by N. G. L. Hammond, refers to Tarn's portrait of Alexander the Great as 'romantic'. But Sir William Tarn, a profound student of Alexander, obtained his information from ancient writers.

Polybius (204 to 122 B.C.) wrote: 'The genius of Alexander surpassed all human measure'. Plutarch (A.D. 50) praised him as one who desired to win for all men peace and community of interests. 'Who was better fitted than he for splendid enterprise . . . magnanimity, wisdom and virtuous fortitude?' Arrian, writing not long after Christ, summed up his life thus: 'Most courageous, most religious, indifferent to sensual pleasures, insatiable for the noble enjoyments . . . most reliable . . . very sparing of money for his own use, most generous in gifts to others. It is not without the special will of the gods that he appeared among men, not one of whom can be compared with him'.

In my book, *Alexander the Great and his Time*, I give a chapter of quotations from both favourable and unfavourable historians from before Christ to the present day.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

AGNES SAVILL

Memories of J. S. Mill at Avignon

Sir,—As a teacher of classical studies at the Avignon girls' Lycée, I have long been an admirer of John Stuart Mill and read with attention the talks published in THE LISTENER

A



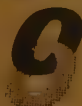
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last summer and on January 28 last; and I think it will be of interest to your readers to know that the memory of your great philosopher who lived for a long time in Avignon, where he died in 1873, is cherished here. A wide boulevard leading to the St. Véran Cemetery where he is buried in the same grave with his beloved wife, Harriet, bears his name, and a monument with his bust stands in the centre of a nearby square. It was erected by the common people of the town, for whom he had created 'jardins ouvriers'. I never fail to take my pupils to the grave and monument each year.

One-third of a mile past the cemetery, on its south side, one finds the entrance to a long drive, bordered with magnificent plane trees, leading to a small but pretty Provençal house. Here, the bereaved philosopher lived for fifteen years after having buried Harriet. In 1858, after her death, he had bought the house, which he shared with Harriet's daughter, Miss Taylor, who looked tenderly after the aging man for his last years. After his death, she went back to England, and unfortunately sold the house, which was emptied of its furniture and let. In February 1956 it was badly damaged

by fire, and will probably be sold once again. What if the new owners overhaul and transform it altogether, thus destroying the last witnesses of Mill's stay in our town?

Would it not be possible for admirers of Mill to join their efforts—and money—to buy the house and make it a museum to the memory of the great thinker? I thought it my duty to inform your readers, among whom there certainly must be a number of students and admirers of John Stuart Mill, of the menace hanging over his old home which was the birthplace of many of his most valuable pages.

Yours, etc.,

Avignon

MARIE BONAFOUS

'The Pilgrim's Progress'

Sir,—Mr. Deryck Cooke, in his analysis of Vaughan Williams's *The Pilgrim's Progress* in THE LISTENER of April 7, and Mr. Jeremy Noble, in his critique a fortnight later of the B.B.C.'s recorded performance of this work, both identify themselves with those who have written the opera off as a failure. There must, however, be many others who, like the writer of this letter, still incline to the view of another critic of opera, the late Professor Edward J.

Dent, who wrote, in *The Musical Times* of October 1952, as follows:

The Pilgrim's Progress is undoubtedly the greatest and the most deeply moving contribution of modern times to the building up of a national repertory of musical drama.

Yours, etc.,

Fivemiletown

PETER MONTGOMERY

Two short books of reflections on the London School of Economics have recently been published: *An Epic of Clare Market* by Janet Beveridge (Bell, 15s.), and *The London School of Economics and Its Problems, 1919-1937* by Lord Beveridge (Allen and Unwin, 21s.). Of particular interest are the two chapters of Lady Beveridge's book in which she recounts, for the first time in print, the complete story of Sidney Webb's ingenuities in the foundation of the School: his seizure of half the legacy left by Henry Hutchinson for the spread of Fabian socialism, his registration of the School not as itself but as its library (thereby avoiding for some years the payment of rates), his securing of a handsome annual subsidy from the Technical Education Board of the L.C.C. Lord Beveridge provides some detailed figures of the growth of the School from 1912 to the present day.

Unfortunate Orthodoxy

RONALD PUGH on Samuel Wilberforce

IT is a hundred years since Bishop Wilberforce playfully undertook to defeat the Darwinians in single combat, and the unexpected result provided one of the most famous incidents in English history. Many have concluded that the ignominious episode exposed the Church for the obscurantist organization it was; a view which might be supported by pointing to two other controversies of the day—the attempt to deprive Bishop Colenso of his see of Natal because of his rudimentary biblical criticism, and the persecution of the authors of *Essays and Reviews*, an exceedingly dull volume which sought to strengthen Christianity by subjecting it to rational discussion.

The Church was unsuccessful in all three encounters: but because it was the personal and political factors which were the decisive causes of its defeat, posterity has preferred to remember the bad intentions of the bishops rather than their ill-success. This is, no doubt, perfectly fair. Wilberforce and his episcopal brethren would have exercised an intellectual censorship if they could: I hold no brief for their methods, and I deplore as heartily as anyone the cleavage between religion and science which has ensued. But it is worth while inquiring why the leading churchman of his day thought it right to risk the reputation of an intellectual dictator. His problem must occur repeatedly to all who have to lead other people. How far may one legitimately withhold one's own views, or seek to limit what other people teach?

This question has immediate relevance for the clergy, but in different degrees it must concern teachers of every kind: statesmen, journalists,

trade union leaders—all who have to influence action, but may have more knowledge than is helpful to those they influence. It is ironical

that this question had been treated by Isaac Williams in two of the most notorious of the 'Tracts for the Times'—*Of Reserve in Communicating Religious Knowledge*—which in the opinion of many competent judges undermined the basis of Protestantism even more effectively than Tract 90. But I hope to show that any similarity in approach is only superficial.

Although his behaviour in the three crises I have mentioned was consistently illiberal, Samuel Wilberforce was by no means to be dismissed as a bad example of episcopal megalomania. The 'equivocal success in his own sphere of activity' to which Huxley allegedly referred was far-reaching and generally beneficial. Made a bishop at the age of thirty-nine, he had spent fifteen years by 1860 in creating the diocese of Oxford in its modern form, welding three extensive and divergent counties into some sort of unity, and persuading clergymen and laymen of all schools of opinion that provided they exerted themselves, he could be trusted to support and lead them. Parishes were being divided by the dozen, reluctant absentee rectors were returning or resigning, enthusiastic curates abounded, schools and churches were being built, the spate of hideous restorations financed by the wealthier clergy and squires was in full flood; the Bishop was constantly to be seen in his diocese



Samuel Wilberforce (1805-1873), by George Richmond

National Portrait Gallery

and was on dining terms with all the laity of consequence.

Not content with this, Wilberforce had consolidated the reputation for eloquence which had won him his see. He spent a great deal of time in the House of Lords, specializing in such inherited concerns as the slave trade and penal reform, and championing the interests of the Church with vigilance and fervour, despite a standing feud with Lord Shaftesbury and the redoubtable Russell and Palmerston. He had fallen from favour at Court in 1848 through his opposition to the election of Dr. Hampden as Bishop of Hereford, a fact which tended to confirm the general opinion that he was an extreme High Churchman. He was admittedly on the High Church side of the fence, a vigorous supporter of the establishment, never afraid of claiming its full rights for the Church nor squeamish in denying them to the Nonconformists; he insisted on the use of the surplice, and was fond of early communions and sung evensongs, though he deprecated ritualism and Puseyite doctrines in most of their forms; he was the leader of the movement for the revival of Convocation, a lifelong advocate of the missionary movement, and a power behind the throne at the first Lambeth Conference.

But what made him in the public mind the embodiment of Puseyism in high places was the sorry fact that he was the only son of William Wilberforce who remained faithful to the Church of England; and it must be added that the behaviour of a few of the students and staff of his new theological college at Cuddesdon fostered the same impression. Unwillingness to appear disloyal to any who had served him well made the Bishop slow to disentangle himself from compromising alliances, and the second generation of Tractarians undoubtedly presumed on his tolerance. Altogether, in fairness to Wilberforce, we should describe him as a comprehensive Churchman with High Church leanings, and his record showed that he was always ready to burn his fingers in a good cause.

The Bishop's Correspondence

He was himself the most versatile of men, coping with floods of diocesan business and preaching sermons renowned for their eloquence in the midst of a feverish bustle of travel and social engagements. Parliament, Convocation, public meetings of church societies, dinner parties, confirmations, church consecrations, and diocesan administration all jostled with a bulky correspondence with leaders in Church and State. Strange stories are told about this correspondence: of the Bishop commandeering four helpers and dictating four letters at once while he wrote a fifth; of letters written, like some of Trollope's novels, in the train; of his commissioning a future Archbishop of Canterbury to answer a sheaf of letters in his name while waiting for an interview; or, more authentically, 'Wrote today 67 letters with my own hand and very sorely tired'.

Yet, with all this to occupy him, he found time for an amateur's interest in science. He had done better in mathematics than in classics at Oxford, and throughout life took a lively interest in the most unexpected things. He tried his hand at mesmerism and at table turning, and he maintained a more serious interest in ornithology and geology. Blessed with enormous

energy, curiosity, and an insatiable desire for activity, he contrived to keep abreast of the current scientific as well as theological writings. His reviews in the *Quarterly*, which may still be read in a two-volume collection, are of a high standard; and it was in those columns that he was first invited to defend orthodoxy against the various innovators. Hence, though no one would claim him as a profound theologian or original scientist, he was well qualified to speak for the layman in the Darwinian controversy, and, like the layman, to approach it with a reasonably open mind.

Why, then, did he appear as the archpriest of obscurantism, the champion of unswerving orthodoxy? After a hundred years, it is pathetically easy to enumerate his mistakes. His scientific knowledge was inadequate, his theology insufficiently flexible, his tactics deplorably miscalculated. He was no more than an amateur in science, and he did well to single out the weakest element in Darwin's case, the geological evidence. But whereas Darwin could afford to drop the geological calculations, Wilberforce was in no position to withdraw his main tenet, that if evolution contradicted Genesis, it was evolution which had to go.

Lamentably Misjudged

Furthermore, his whole approach was lamentably misjudged. Nothing could be more good-humoured than the body of the famous article in the *Quarterly*, and the climax is simply brilliant—he had unearthed a caricature by Canning of the opinions of Darwin's grandfather, which oddly resembled the theory of evolution, and the Bishop presented this with the plain innuendo that the species Darwin was not one which had progressed by natural selection. His speech before the British Association was likewise exceedingly witty, and the culminating sally, the ill-fated inquiry whether Huxley claimed descent from an ape through his maternal or paternal grandmother would have brought down the house in a Union debate. But the folly of treating scientific discovery as a matter for gentle banter was soon made apparent in Huxley's searing reply. I often wonder whether it was the vague indecency of introducing the fair sex into the argument which turned the meeting against Wilberforce and persuaded Huxley that the Lord had delivered this troublesome prelate into his hand.

Accepting, then, that his methods were highly regrettable, why did Wilberforce expose himself to the hazards of a public debate on a matter which he imperfectly understood? My suggestion is not a new one, but perhaps we can appreciate it today better than the Victorians could. Wilberforce was thinking, I suggest, of the millions of humble Christians who would be disturbed by the controversy but be unable to resolve the question in their own minds. To treat the clash between religion and science as an academic conflict between experts is dangerous. An expert knowledge of either science or theology is open only to a few, but both disciplines matter enormously to everyone, as part of the culture which we all share. There is a triangle of forces, not a head-on collision, and Wilberforce was one who appreciated the strain which would be felt by those who wanted to be loyal to their faith but also wanted to be fair to the scientists.

Had he but realized in time, his methods were

the least likely to carry the day, for the laymen might be ignorant of scientific and theological arguments, but could easily recognize a plain attempt to thwart discussion by the invocation of authority, whether episcopal or scriptural. Here was the sting in Huxley's gibes about facile eloquence being used to stifle truth: it is no use trying to save others the pain of thinking if you do so in such a way that they realize you do not trust their conclusions.

Valid Hopes and Faulty Technique

The Bishop's hopes were none the less valid for his faulty technique. He hoped to confine the discussion to academic circles until some means had been found of reconciling the new theory with the theology of the Church. It could easily be claimed that any new theory would take much time and exhaustive discussion to establish itself, and that, by raising the obstacle of the first chapter of Genesis, Wilberforce was promoting the necessary discussion. Unfortunately his dogmatism has made theological contributions to scientific discussion unwelcome; but in any case it is surely right that scientific hypotheses should be first tested by scientific observation and not by philosophical criteria.

But, even if Wilberforce had left the inspiration of the Bible out of the discussion and concentrated on scientific objections in order to win a breathing space, would it have been practical politics to expect the laymen to leave the arguing and reconciling to the experts? There must be some sense in which those best equipped by aptitude and opportunity use their abilities for the benefit of others. But there is in English society as a whole, and in English Christianity in particular, a healthy determination to stand no nonsense from the experts. The whole trend of nineteenth-century history was towards greater participation by the masses, and ironically enough Wilberforce was being true to his Evangelical upbringing and Liberal politics in his ill-judged attempt to scotch the Darwinians. The keystone of his faith was the Bible, and he invoked the authority of the Church to retain the Bible as a bulwark of democracy in religion. There is a vast deal of truth in the Wycliffite heresy that if you give an Englishman a Bible you cannot stop him from getting to heaven. And so long as the Church of England holds to her sixth article of religion, that no doctrine which may not be proved out of Holy Scripture is to be considered necessary to salvation, the layman may challenge the expert to exhibit his proofs.

It was no accident that the three controversies of the eighteen-sixties all concerned the inspiration of the Bible, and the present plight of the layman who would understand his Bible shows that although the *prima facie* obstruction of Wilberforce and his friends was untenable, their fears were reasonable. Enormously as the critical study of the Bible has enriched our understanding of it and of the religion it teaches, the layman who has neither the time nor the capacity for critical study must wonder whether there is any validity in religion as he understands it: is he not more firmly in the grip of the biblical scholar than ever he was in that of any ecclesiastical hierarchy? The need to face this problem firmly was not so plain in the mid-nineteenth century as it is today. Then it was possible to hope that a few minor adjust-

(concluded on page 774)

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

IN the past Edward Middleditch, who is now showing two roomfuls of large paintings at the Beaux Arts Gallery, has been vaguely associated with artists like Bratby or Jack Smith who in their zeal for a new-found realism rejoiced in scenes of domestic squalor. His technique is obviously related to theirs; like them he spreads himself on huge canvases and makes vigorous gestures with a large brush. But in mood his new paintings are certainly closer to Turner than to Courbet; accidents of light, sunsets, storms, or reflections in water are often his theme, and with great audacity he uses momentary impressions as the basis for compositions conceived on a monumental scale.

But, unlike Middleditch, Turner would not have thought of constructing a large design out of nothing more than the finely divided silhouette of a plant reflected in moonlit water, and here there is an important distinction. Occasionally Middleditch takes in a panorama, though never one that is very extensive, but often his subject is a small fragment of landscape. This has the effect of removing each object he paints from the everyday world; seen in isolation and much enlarged it becomes a mysterious apparition, not to be explained as part of a familiar whole. To some extent, even Bratby has used this device to transfigure such banal objects as cartons from the grocer, but Middleditch uses it much more deliberately, and on much more appropriate material, to contrive a romantic effect. For this purpose the enlargement is as important as the detachment; even the objects in his paintings of still life, even cinerarias, the most obvious of florists' flowers, can lose their identity when sufficiently magnified. And when the subject is a whirl of snowflakes, a spray of flowers against moonlit clouds, or sunlight broken into jagged fragments as it shines through a tree, the effect is wonderfully mysterious.

The habitual use of a very large canvas seemed to be a matter of principle with the painters of Middleditch's generation, the new realists both in this country and in France. This was all the more strange because these artists almost always eschewed such devices of academic composition as once served, for example, to impose unity on a group of many life-size figures. It was felt necessary that the arrangement of the figures and their relation to the background

should be as spontaneous and as apparently uncalculated as in any small sketch, and the danger was that all this looseness, all these sprawling inventions, might seem tiresomely casual, a demonstration of energy without concentration. But by giving up figures, by emphasizing the sharp contrasts that occur within his miniature sphere of observation, Middle-

have a moralizing tendency, as though we were being invited, with a new emphasis and menace to regard the hardships of these modern equivalents of Courbet's stonebreakers or Millet's gleaners. But the small paintings here are crisp, neat, and almost epigrammatic in execution and design; it is impossible to feel that any inclination to make propaganda has dictated the choice

of subjects, so obvious is the purely artistic impulse that finds expression in these brilliant little compositions.

In 1885 the Victoria and Albert Museum bought 330 drawings by G. B. Tiepolo for £11, an average price of 8d. each, and in so doing acquired the largest single collection of Tiepolo drawings in the world. A new catalogue of these has now been made by George Knox, who has succeeded in establishing a chronology for the drawings which had never been worked out before. To coincide with the publication of this catalogue the Museum is exhibiting a selection of the drawings, together with some related etchings, arranged in the proper order so as to give a good idea of the development of Tiepolo's art. A drawing by Tiepolo is so immediately recognizable, the handwriting and mannerisms so idiosyncratic, that one is apt to think that to see a dozen or so is to comprehend the artist's range and capacity in draughtsmanship. But here

there appears a steady development both of subtlety and force, culminating in the astonishing mastery of the studies of old men and oriental figures for the Wurzburg frescos. Unlike Guardi or Canaletto, two other artists of the time who had a comparable calligraphic formula for drawing figures, Tiepolo was obviously observing all his life, extending and enriching his understanding of the human figure and the artistic use to be made of it.

The Sabin Galleries have an agreeable exhibition of English portraits, mostly of the eighteenth century. Many of them are by minor or even unknown artists, but not the less interesting for that. No doubt the finest work here is a small portrait by Zoffany of Thomas Le Bland standing against a delightfully painted landscape background, but there is also an excellent portrait of a lady by Allan Ramsay, a charming pair of portraits in a landscape by Philippe Mercier, and an altogether preposterous Romney of Lady Hamilton as Alope, a study for a well-known picture of his, which has to be seen to be believed.



'Snowstorm and Donkey', by Edward Middleditch: from the exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery, 1 Bruton Place, W.1

ditch has been able to give accent and precision to his large designs. He runs the opposite risk to that of the average young realist, emptiness instead of a crowded incoherence, but he is very skilful in distracting the eye from the less eventful passages by riveting the attention on the dramatic focus of the picture.

Josef Herman has been to Spain and come back with a long series of small paintings, some of them landscapes but mostly scenes of peasant life, which he is now showing at Roland, Browse and Delbanco's Gallery. Working on this scale gives him a particularly good opportunity to display his remarkable gift for setting down the structure of a figure with the greatest firmness and decision yet in what appear, when closely inspected, to be quite arbitrary outlines and washes. Thus the features may be obliterated by a dark blob of a shadow, and yet the whole face is there without any deformation of its essential character. On a larger scale Herman's method of simplifying the forms sometimes becomes ponderous in its effect; the heavy limbs and sombre colouring may even seem to

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Hanover to Windsor

By Roger Fulford. Batsford. 25s.

Reviewed by WILLIAM PLOMER

NOT A LITTLE has been written about William IV, and much about Queen Victoria, Edward VII, and George V. All of value about them is sure to have been read and weighed up by the enquiring and judicious Mr. Fulford. In this, the fourth volume in a series of English dynastic studies by various specialists, he has set himself to trace the position of the Crown and the standing of the monarchy through the lives of these four rulers, and 'to show the transition of the eighteenth-century monarchy to what it has become in the world today'. Because he is a historian who has always had the gift of presenting historical personages as sentient beings, and because he has never been afraid of the curious or revealing detail, he is always lively. He never lapses into caricature, and never isolates political pressures from human nature, fortitude, or foibles.

'You did it beautifully', Lord Melbourne told Queen Victoria after her Coronation. 'It's a thing you can't give a person advice upon; it must be left to a person'. To what extent they took advice or not, and to whatever degree they exhibited human or specifically royal weaknesses, the careers of each of these four constitutional sovereigns can be seen, through Mr. Fulford's skillful and sympathetic interpretation, as having had, basically, to be 'left to a person'. Call it regality, heredity, instinct, training, character, or a mixture of these, each had virtue that helped to maintain or strengthen the Crown and to adapt it to the vicissitudes and revolutions between the year of William IV's accession and that of George V's departure.

William IV must be vaguely thought of by many as a jolly old salt with a streak of buffoonery and a quiverful of by-blows. So he was, but he was much more. There was something good and sound about him and, though not dignified or clever, he was natural; therefore he was popular; therefore he made the monarchy more popular. Queen Victoria, Mr. Fulford explains, was 'fashioned by the monarchy', her character moulded by influence, power, and authority. By their industry and capabilities, she and the Prince Consort

revolutionized the idea of monarchy. Influence was substituted for power: respectability and hard work took the place of picturesque indulgence.

The Queen's obstinacy, her prejudices, and the 'steely' side of her nature were demonstrably outweighed by her 'sound sense and good feeling'. Mr Fulford's portrait of her seems as just as it is engaging. And he is able to refute a certain lurid legend.

To Edward VII, the 'man of pleasure', Mr. Fulford feels that history has not been kind, and he makes some amends. George V, still so much alive in British memories, and so fortunately commemorated by Sir Harold Nicolson and Mr. John Gore, is to be seen as having to face the new glare of publicity, and as 'an ordinary man battling with extraordinary difficulties which

changed the respect of 1910 into the devotion of 1935'. If King George V could have read *Hanover to Windsor* he would hardly have exclaimed, as he did once in a moment of irritability, that 'people who write books ought to be shut up'.

Drawn in Colour. By Noni Jabavu.

John Murray. 18s.

Road to Ghana. By Alfred Hutchinson.

Gollancz. 18s.

Prohibited Immigrant

By John Stonehouse.

Bodley Head. 21s.

One of the difficulties in our present relations with Africans is the imaginative effort needed to accept the humanity of people who look and sometimes behave differently from us. Some, like Dr. Verwoerd's supporters, dismiss all black Africans as 'Kaffirs' and lower breeds; others also dismiss Africans from common humanity when they picture them all as absolutely virtuous, absolutely, as it were, white. 'The greatest injury which some Europeans caused them', writes Mr. Stonehouse of Ugandan co-operative workers, 'was to treat Africans as though they were an amorphous mob without individual personalities'.

What is particularly valuable about both Miss Jabavu's and Mr. Hutchinson's books is that no one reading them can fail to see Africans as human beings with their own prejudices, virtues and failings. Miss Jabavu, who is married to an Englishman, returned temporarily to her father's house in South Africa some years ago, after her brother, a medical student, had been murdered by Johannesburg gangsters. Her home mixed traditional Africa with something of the atmosphere of a hospitable and prosperous English manor. 'Rugs on polished floors' in their verandahed Cape settler's house were balanced by cows on their farm without which no home of Miss Jabavu's Xhosa people would have been complete.

At her family's urging Miss Jabavu visited her sister in Uganda whom she found unhappily married to a local man. He could not understand the different standards of a well-brought up South African girl, as baffled as a similar English girl would have been, by still primitive sexual customs and the local tradition that wives maintained themselves on a staple diet of bananas by cultivating their own farms. Later Miss Jabavu describes, with characteristic honesty and sensitivity, her own dismay after she and her husband had settled for some months in Uganda, and she found growing in herself the same race prejudices, roused by local ignorance and arrogance, that she had earlier deplored in white women.

In the South Africa that Miss Jabavu describes human feelings between people of different races were still possible. She mentally braced herself for petty tyranny before encounters with white officials; but she also records her father's long-standing friendship with the local lawyer, and her own pleasant treatment from an immigration official. In contrast Mr. Hutchinson, writing

about the South Africa of a few months ago, pictures a state already on the brink of civil war. Mr. Hutchinson, one of the defendants at the treason trial, was temporarily released. He wanted to marry his present English wife, an offence under South African laws because Mr. Hutchinson is of coloured descent, and he decided to smuggle himself into Ghana. Before he left South Africa he was re-arrested and passed a nerve-racking night waiting among a large crowd of men, women and children most of them charged with petty offences likely to lead to prison sentences, forced farm labour, or fines too heavy for them to pay. Under threat of yet another arrest Mr. Hutchinson travelled under a false name out of the Union through Nyasaland and Tanganyika. He was befriended by local nationalists: most effectively by Julius Nyerere and his Tanganyika African National Union.

Mr. Stonehouse lacks the exceptional skill Miss Jabavu and Mr. Hutchinson show as writers, and his account of his expulsion from central Africa, while he was a Member of Parliament, is historically interesting, but less personally moving than their stories. Mr. Stonehouse however has many African friends, and his account of Ugandan meals and the homes he stayed at in Uganda is rosier, if less vivid, than Miss Jabavu's. During his tours of east and central Africa he was, like Mr. Hutchinson, particularly impressed by Julius Nyerere. One of his book's most interesting speculations is on the possibility of a large East African federation with Nyerere as president.

LOIS MITCHISON

The Fall of Parnell. By F. S. L. Lyons.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 42s.

This is an outstandingly good book. Dr. Lyons has set himself the limited but exacting task of shedding new light on the most dramatic year in the history of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and he has carried it out with almost complete success. His scholarship is sure, as is his judgment of men and events, and he writes a smooth-flowing, compelling narrative. If this book is taken in conjunction with the author's earlier work on Irish politics in the 'nineties and with Mr. Conor Cruise O'Brien's *Parnell and his Party (1880-1890)* there is no doubt that the history of the Irish Party during these last two decades of the nineteenth century is now far better presented than is that of either the Liberal or Unionist Parties.

In the period immediately before the O'Shea divorce case broke, Parnell's popularity with English Liberals was unnaturally and dangerously inflated. He was given a standing ovation in the House of Commons, fêted by the Eighty Club, and presented with the freedom of Edinburgh. Mary Gladstone wrote of him as exhibiting 'all the fruits of the spirit, love, peace, patience, gentleness, forbearance, long-suffering, meekness'; and it seemed almost certain that, when the general election came, he would be the instrument through which her father would attain the last and greatest triumph of his life.

The reaction was correspondingly sharp. The story of the letter repudiating Parnell which

Gladstone then wrote to Morley, of how the G.O.M. subsequently decided to publish it, of Parnell's counter-manifesto, and of the long-drawn-out bitterness of the Committee Room Fifteen debates to which this all led is of course well known. And although Dr. Lyons probably gives us a fuller and more objective account than was previously available, this is not the most vital part of his book. That begins when he goes on to describe and analyse the part of the battle which was fought away from Westminster—in Dublin, in the congested districts, in Boulogne and Paris, in New York and in Galway Gaol. Apart from the triumph of Parnell's first (post-Committee Room Fifteen) reception in Dublin and Cork, it was not a fluctuating battle, but a story of slow, steady defeat for the Parnellite forces, which not even the incredible stubbornness of their leader could alter. It came to an end with Parnell's death at Brighton, a little less than eleven months after the divorce. But the defeat could not have been averted even had he lived another decade.

The interest of the battle, indeed, lay not so much in its result as in the attempt on the part of some of the contestants to reconcile their desire for victory with the need not to make a desert of the Irish parliamentary forces. Dillon and O'Brien in particular, who were absent in America when the split occurred, were like generals trying to defeat Hitler without destroying Berlin. This meant nothing to Timothy Healy, who was a man for saturation bombing; and it meant comparatively little to Sexton and to most of the other majority figures who had been through the bitterness of the struggle upstairs in the House of Commons, including the politically rather pale Justin McCarthy—who nominally succeeded Parnell in the leadership. Much of the fascination of the story turns on the differing characters of these five men who had grown to captain status under Parnell but none of whom was quite capable of filling the old general's boots. This being so, it is a great pity that either Dr. Lyons or his publishers felt that the strict standards of academic austerity made illustrations undesirable. Few books have called more consistently for photographs of the principal characters to which one could turn for possible illumination.

ROY JENKINS

Harriet Martineau: A Radical Victorian

By R. K. Webb. Heinemann. 35s.

The eccentric and unpredictable Harriet Martineau may seem, at this distance, to have been one of the lesser Victorian writers. Even her virtues have receded because the talent she had for writing tracts and tales was never directed toward posterity. Thomas Carlyle believed her to be a mass of contradictions, and hit off a characteristic thumbnail sketch: 'A genuine little Poetess, buckrammed, swathed like a mummy into Socinian and Political-Economy formulas; and yet verily alive inside of that'. Professor Webb concurs that she had curiosity and vivacity, and stood next to Florence Nightingale as the most industrious invalid of the period. He also says that earlier biographers were too uptaken with the oddities and championship of good causes, and thus did not see her in historical terms as most typical of her time. Although this work is a biography, it is in addition a most carefully documented analysis of the origin and effects of Miss Martineau's opinions, undertaken

to stress her intellectual consistency and to define Victorian radicalism.

Professor Webb, who is Associate Professor of History at Columbia University, pays attention to all the main absorptions and influences of his subject's life. He depicts the Unitarian background, the sharp criticism of American society and the slave-trade, experiences as the first woman leader-writer on a daily newspaper, the interest in mesmerism and positivism, life at Ambleside as an enthusiastic 'Laker', as well as the physical suffering and the sense of martyrdom this engendered in her character. Of the new material unearthed in this adventurous piece of research, the letters (cannily preserved against the writer's wishes by her brother, James, who attained eminence as a Unitarian minister), are of outstanding importance. When all is said, Miss Martineau is worthy of the close attention this historian has lavished on her opinions and her times. The woman armed with ear-trumpet and ready for gossip, whose onslaught on polite drawing-room conversations may appear no more than a conventional defiance of conventionality, did back up much of her folly with layers of principle and dogma. At times, indeed, she sounds almost like a female Karl Marx: 'Not in programme, to be sure, but in spirit. Hers was a clear manifestation of the radical temper'.

E. W. MARTIN

Houdini. By William Lindsay Gresham. Gollancz. 21s.

Though I never saw him either in the flesh or on the screen, Houdini was one of the great heroes of my childhood, a man of superb courage who could not be held by fetters or handcuffs, and who could escape from a strait-jacket dangling from the top of a skyscraper or from the bottom of the Hudson River manacled in a sealed chest. He was of the world not of fact but fiction; fabulous as Dr. Fu Manchu, Dracula, Professor Challenger, and Arsène Lupin.

So to be presented in middle age with Mr. Gresham's detailed portrait of Ehrich Weiss, the rabbi's son who called himself Harry Houdini, because he admired the French illusionist Robert-Houdin and thought Houdini meant 'like Houdin' was a shocking, if salutary, experience 'Is nothing sacred?' I felt, as I discovered that accomplices stuck skeleton keys under the locks of cells from which the master escaped, and that the more hazardous of his escapades were stripped of all elements of risk, that the man who walked through walls crawled underneath them, and the milk churn filled with water had a false top so that he did not even have to hold his breath while taking off his fetters. Only in his ability to hold things in his oesophagus and regurgitate them when needed does the Houdini of real life match my boyhood image.

All but one or two of the master's tricks are revealed by Mr. Gresham's patient research; and the illusionist who so baffled the public of his time that he was credited with supernatural powers is shown forth as an utterly humourless trickster with a superb flair for publicity and an egotism scarcely credible.

But Mr. Gresham takes us beyond our disillusionment in the illusionist. Behind the stunts which can be explained lie the mysteries of human personality. Was Houdini's exposure of

the tricks of mediums partly due to his desire and failure, to communicate with the spirit of his dead mother? Why did Houdini in later life attack the reputation of Robert-Houdin, who inspired him in his youth and whom he imitated all his life? What was the relationship between Ehrich Weiss, the little Jewish boy who adored his Mom and did his kindnesses in secret as 'mitzvah', and the great Houdini, intolerant of rivals and avid of publicity?

Houdini does not emerge from Mr. Gresham's study as a lovable figure. He was too ridden by the demon of his destiny. And the profession of escapologist in its highest forms demands fanatical attention to the techniques of illusion rather than the humaner disciplines. But this work should take a lasting place among the lives of those who foster the fantasy than man is born free and has nothing to lose but his chains.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

Why They Collaborated

By Eugene Kinkead. Longmans. 21s.

Shortly after the entry of the Chinese Communist Army into the Korean War, the U.S. Army authorities were at first dumbfounded and later impressed by evidence that an unusually high proportion of U.S. prisoners of war had collaborated with the enemy. Galvanized into counter-intelligence, the U.S. Army decided to interrogate all repatriated prisoners to the tune of almost 4,000 case-histories. This investigation extended over a period of five years when it transpired that about 30 per cent. of the total had been given to some degree of collaboration in over 13 per cent. of a 'serious' nature. Some seventy-five were trained as 'enemy agents'. A number were proved guilty of brutality to fellow captives. No prisoner escaped, and the death rate mounted to 38 per cent., whereas among other contingents of the United Nations forces no prisoner of war died. It was concluded that the collaborators' morale had broken down under Communist pressures of indoctrination, intimidation, and other forms of undue influence; also that the root cause of the trouble lay in lack of discipline, which one investigator attributed to the softening effect of the Doolittle Board recommendations regarding army training. This together with lack of leadership and preventive orientation concerning prison camp conditions had sapped their morale.

Mr. Kinkead, believing that the original report had proved a mausoleum of important sociological information, set himself the task of disinterring this, and has presented it in a series of expository interviews with some half-dozen army executives representing different lines of investigation. The techniques of indoctrination and interrogation are closely described and different types of collaboration isolated and contrasted with the reactions of prisoners who withstood Communist pressure.

Readers who are familiar with the principles of psychological warfare and with the psychology of the quisling will not find anything new in this sometimes naïve and rarely penetrating study; those who are not will learn something of the rationale of those combined techniques of intimidation and seduction which, under prison camp conditions, tend to loosen patriotic allegiances, or, in other words, to undermine the identifications of the civilian soldier with the ideals of his fellows and leaders. Divide and



HOW TO BE CHAIRMAN

By PODALIRIUS

Business executives, says a doctor, should eat and work less, have longer holidays, and take a nap after lunch. Then they'd be healthier. Life, he adds, has become for them a series of unbiological excesses with no time to stand and stare.

A nap after lunch?—Excellent, though a few executives are already taking a nap more often, having acquired the trick of narrowing their eyes for long periods to mere unfathomable slits. They seem therefore at the conference to be all ears, ready to pounce at any moment, when in fact they're sound asleep. The majority, however, have not acquired the trick; and if they do attempt a nap in the office after lunch some thrusting young executive is sure to pad in with a sheaf of papers on, say, the shorter working week—for factory staff. "You were quite right, the old boy really was snoring" is an unwelcome remark to penetrate the sound proofing. Motto number one for business men: if you sleep on the job, don't seem to.

The long working days and short holidays of business men spring from the pretty notion that, if you do sixty hours work a week instead of forty, you achieve sixty instead of forty units of effective work. But sixty hours of brainwork may produce much less than forty—for quality, not quantity, is the goal. Motto number two for business men: more work less effort.

And finally, food. That unbiological excess, the business lunch, is one occasion when business men do stand or rather sit and stare—at the portions of smoked salmon or asparagus tips or ravioli laid before them as preliminaries by their Soho acolytes. They stare, many of them, in dismay. Smoked salmon is all very well, but not four or five times a week; and many executives tell me they would usually settle for a small portion of steak and kidney pie, followed by some in-season fresh fruit. And why don't they?—Because they'd lose face. Motto number three for business men: lose face so long as you're losing weight as well.

Some of the brightest business men I have known retired at forty. And when asked why: "Because it's a crazy life, doc", they'd say: "I'm retiring to a little farm I've bought me". Not all executives can do that, but they can at least remember Voltaire and cultivate their gardens; and I would add, eat its produce. In that way, if ability doesn't get them into the chairman's seat, longevity will. They all, for some reason, want to be chairmen: an ambition that chairmen find very odd indeed.

* * *

Indeed, Podalirius, the chairman-minded executive, is beset with problems as he endures long, semi-wakeful hours at the conference and luncheon tables. Not the least of which is met with knife and fork in hand. For today's food is often lacking in vital factors. That's why the wisest make good this deficiency by sprinkling a little Bemax on their food each day. Why? Because Bemax is stabilized wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. It's available from chemists.

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govern is an old political adage common to all societies; in the case of the Chinese Communists the formula ran: isolate, intimidate, and then indoctrinate. In principle this is an authoritarian form of waking suggestion, differing, in degree at any rate, from what, regrettably, has come to be called 'brainwashing'. In 'brainwashing'

the object is to reduce the victim to a state of infantilism and consequent subservience. The Chinese, however, did not employ either torture or drugging; when they failed to achieve their aims they simply abandoned the attempt to proselytize.

Although not very profound, Mr. Kinkead's

book should be read by those interested in group cohesion in general and in particular in the morale of fighting forces. Group psychology respects no frontier. What has proved to be sauce for the U.S. goose might one day be sauce for European, African, or Australasian ganders.

EDWARD GLOVER

New Novels

The Trial Begins. By 'Abram Tertz'. Translated by Max Hayward. Collins: Harvill. 12s. 6d.

The Captain with the Whiskers. By Benedict Kiely. Methuen. 16s.

When the Kissing Had to Stop. By Constantine FitzGibbon. Cassell. 16s.

For Your Eyes Only. By Ian Fleming. Cape. 15s.

WHEN *The Trial Begins* was published in *Encounter* some months ago, it aroused an interest that went far beyond its intrinsic artistic merits. The work of an unknown Russian writer, taking the pseudonym of 'Abram Tertz', it had been smuggled out of the U.S.S.R. and first appeared in a French translation. Satirical, harshly symbolic, its 120-odd pages seemed the very evocation of the terrible last year of Stalin's life, the year that saw the 'Doctors' Plot', the anti-semitic killings and the wave of terror that rocked the whole of Soviet society—a blood-bath in which the Man of Steel (here called 'the Master') engulfed the Soviet people for the last time. It was a Viking, a Sardanapalan funeral, and Tertz's narrative gave it powerful literary expression.

Re-reading the book, one admires it more than ever, and perhaps with better reason. The symbolism—the clenched hand in the sky, casting its huge shadow over the city, Globov dreaming of the predatory civilizations in the Museum of Fine Arts, the Court in its dreadful and eternal session throughout the world—all this alternates with the comedy (and what an original type of macabre comedy it is!) to create the photo-sharp reality of nightmare. This, we feel, is just what the collective unconscious of a police state must be like.

The book begins and dissolves in a dream, rather like one of the Ufa expressionist films of the 'thirties. But it is a dream without tricks or Gothicisms—the world that Globov, Marina, Karlinsky, Seryozha, and the rest inhabit is grim enough without artistic embellishments. The extraordinary thing about this novel is the amount of feeling and characterization that 'Tertz' has been able to pack into such a short book. Globov, the public prosecutor, and his wife Marina; his son Seryozha, the idealist of the family, and Seryozha's ideological girl friend, Katya; Karlinsky, a kind of Soviet Frédéric Moreau to Marina's Mme Arnoux; the old revolutionary grandmother, Ekaterina Petrovna, her hopes undimmed, her loyalties embarrassingly unreticent—each is a shorthand sketch of genuine character.

Recent journalistic visitors have noted the great interest that contemporary Western literature of all kinds arouses in the Soviet Union. (One observer described a student who made a long journey to a town many miles away to borrow a friend's copy of an Agatha Christie novel.) *The Trial Begins* is full of the strangest Western echoes: compare the symbolism of the concert with the feelings of the Queen's Hall listeners in the famous passage of *Howards End*. Again, take Karlinsky's medi-

tation on 'spiral cannibalism'; it might have come directly from one of the scientific moralisings of Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Middle Period*. Some readers are bound to praise this book mistakenly for propagandist reasons, as has been the case with *Dr. Zhivago*. But perhaps this is to miss the point. While everyone would admit that *The Trial Begins* would never stand a chance of being published in Russia as it is at present, the fact that it should have been written at all may be taken as a sign that the cultural thaw has at last set in.

Mr. Kiely transports us into a very different world, one in which we are content to linger and even mildly luxuriate. In green Bingen, on the Atlantic coast of Ulster, lives Captain Conway Chesney, Mafeking veteran and domestic tyrant, traveller, amateur doctor, sadist, and father of a family of five. He drills and cuffs his sons in the stables and tests their urine for rheumatic fever: efficient, ruthless, mean-hearted, but in every way a character. He has married beneath him—and never lets anyone forget it. When Owen Rodgers, the narrator, son of the local doctor—a wise, grey, kind man, the total reverse of the Captain in every way—first meets the Captain, he is fascinated. And he remains so. The Captain's 'dry metronomical ha-ha' ticks evilly away down the years of the young Chesneys' lives. As someone remarks, the image that comes out of their story 'would be one of the blank stone images of Easter Island. Nobody's sure where they came from. Their story would be a ghost story from a dying island'.

Mr. Kiely's ghost story, like so many Irish tales, is an idyll with a twist. The trout streams run clearly, but the Jameson's makes strange havoc of the inhabitants. (There is more drink of all kinds consumed in more ways in this book than I have ever before struck in a novel, outside of Zola's dram-shop.) Resignation is the Irish vice, especially in Dublin, and Mr. Kiely gives it us over-measure. The dialogue is racy, Leverish-liverish ('small men are said to be wonderful, like widows'), alternating with Anna Livia Plurabelle private jokes ('last cleaned in 1932 for the Eucharistic Congress. We'll dredge the Liffey again for the Second Coming').

However conscious of his various styles he may be, Mr. Kiely writes very well indeed and his verbal *panache* is well suited to his bosky, melancholy, and rather theatrical theme. My only quarrel with him is that he kills off the Captain, a magnificent creation, too early in the book. (As compensation he gives us a very winning and entirely unconventional whiskey-priest.) His book is that rare thing today, a deliberately hewed and chiselled piece of writing.

Mr. FitzGibbon plunges us sharply back into the contemporary scene—or, rather, into the scene as projected catastrophically into the near future. With Aldermaston in mind, his novel makes exciting reading. Briefly, he posits a Britain whose moral fibre, undermined by 'do-good' politicians and anti-nuclear agitation, succumbs to infiltration and subsequent invasion by a re-Stalinized Russia. Treaty obligations are waived, the American bases scrapped, and all too soon the Soviet bomber transports are roaring overhead and the author's *dramatis personae* are dead or in concentration camps. Royalty flies to Canada; a British People's Republic on Kadar lines is set up, and a gallant *maquis* is left to fight it out in the Welsh hills. . . .

It is all very hallucinatory and absorbing. It is also, in the early chapters, very plausible. Mr. FitzGibbon keeps a crowded cast moving excitingly and, in the earlier part of the book, he shows that he has that gift of verisimilitude that is the mark of the good political thriller. (His book has an interesting pedigree: I should judge it to be by Saki's *When William Came* out of Mr. Coward's patriotic melodrama *Peace in Our Time*. It also owes something to Sir Harold Nicolson's *Public Faces*.) Yet somehow, as the tension mounts, the book gets out of hand and the climax is implausible in the highest degree. The author's apparent obsessions may account for this. Mr. FitzGibbon has a number of them, the most serious—for the purpose of his *dénouement*—being that our police force is not so wonderful. A kind of swashbuckling arrogance runs through the book, contrasting strangely with the skill and sympathy of so much of the characterization. The effect is schizophrenic, as though two different writers are taking it in turn. The result is a novel of great dash and dexterity which never quite fuses into what one feels its author intended it to be.

Admirers of Commander James Bond will find him in top form in Mr. Fleming's new volume of short stories, all but one of which are well up to 007's high standard. The Commander seems to be mellowing with the years. He is less of a show-off in these five episodes and, for once, his chronicler has almost cut out the sadism. (He has also soft-pedalled on the lifemanship.) His capacity to create villains is undiminished—Mr. Milton Krest, the Seychelles-cruising millionaire, is as nasty a Bond antagonist as you could wish to meet over the yacht-bar martinis. In the third story Bond (and Mr. Fleming) go right out of role and enter the sentimental clubman's world of Mr. Maugham. It is disturbing to realize that the Commander has this soft side.

JOHN RAYMOND

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

An Example

SHORT SPACE PRECLUDES EXAMPLE; and one is usually driven to confine oneself to general judgments without benefit of supporting detail. These judgments remain suspended in the air like divine ukases and readers are asked to accept them with the faith of congregations. They are baldly told, for example, that this programme was tautly conceived and executed, that that programme was weak and slack. But this week I propose to take time out to give an actual sample.

'The Vow' (April 15) was weak and slack; and, as so often, this was particularly to be observed in the transitions. At one point in this documentary upon Oberammergau, Alan Sleath, writer, producer, and director, wished to show a traditional village house and furniture; then the local liqueur; then the local school of wood-carving. So he sends Richard Todd into a show-piece dwelling with a pretty girl for guide. After about thirty seconds Todd has given the show-piece the once-over and remarks: 'Well, I should think I've just about seen everything traditional in Oberammergau now!' Pretty girl suggests one other traditional thing—a drink before parting. So, although it is not her house, they step aside to a table empty except for, magically, a flask, two glasses, and a carved figure. Pour out. Sip.

Todd: 'Quite excellent, what is it?' Is told. 'Ah, of course!' Turns to carving. 'This doesn't look quite so old as the other things in this room!' PRETTY GIRL: 'It is from our wood-carving school; would you like to see it?'

'Yes, indeed'. Flash to the wood-carving school.

Now such comically creaking nineteenth-century stage devices have long since been hooted from the theatre. There is no reason at all why we should have to put up with them in television. They are of course a symptom of general unfocus and bitty-mindedness rather than a disease in themselves; but I recommend viewers to treat the art, or artlessness, of transitions as a valuable diagnostic. For the rest, 'The Vow' was a sufficiently wambly and rambling affair, uncertain of its scope and aim and wasting time (ours too) on touristic shots of Ludwig's castles when we were supposed to be learning about the preparations for the passion play.

From an unusually rich week I can only select. There was much arm-chair travel, of which the best journey was that with David



A student in the wood-carving school at Oberammergau, seen in 'The Vow' on April 15

Attenborough to 'The People of Paradise' (last Thursday). This, the first of a series, concentrated almost exclusively upon the preparation and performance of the extraordinary tower-diving ritual of the New Hebridean island of Pentecost, and demonstrated once again the absolute advantages of the unified theme. The temptation to the traveller-film-maker to cram in everything is peculiarly strong but almost invariably fatal. To put it at its lowest, it takes a man of exceptional intelligence and skill to confer a unity on disparate elements; whereas any reasonably competent technician (a distinction not intended to reflect upon or contain Mr. Attenborough) can make a telling programme if only he will keep his eye upon a single ball. I remember distinctly a programme, weeks ago, on (of, all things) the Mersey Tunnel; half a dozen upon, let us say, the myriad marvels of South America have gone in at one eye and out at the other.

'Bali—the Fisherman and the Dancer' (Easter Day), an Italian offering, was essentially a travelogue of that almost too beautiful island, to which an artificial but inoffensive unity had been given by stringing the beads upon a slender narrative thread. Pretty material, but no great shakes



From 'The Last Wilderness' on April 20: an ancient stone formation, 'Bowerman's Nose', on Dartmoor

as a story. 'The Last Wilderness' (April 20) put my back up long before I had begun to watch it, by the phoney stridency of its title and the way this was plugged in advance publicity. Dartmoor is *not* the last wilderness in England, even taking England *sensu stricto*; and it would be remarkably difficult to frame any definition which would make it even the largest. That great slab of the Pennines centred about Lune Forest, to take a single instance, is larger, higher, wetter, wilder and *not*, in summer, peppered with thousands of motor-coaches. The commentator, when one actually viewed the programme, was a rich example of the perfectly awful: inflated, heavy, 'poetic' unremitting, and delivered in a self-consciously 'beautiful' voice that enunciated phrases like 'on it coaches converge from all directions' as though it were an eyewitness account of the Second Coming.

'Nigeria, the Freedom Explosion' (April 18) a C.B.S. Report, was of interest principally as an exercise in American political naivety. E colonialists gallantly urging not quite yet ex-colonialists to cast off the hated shackles of the common imperial oppressor. Too silly. If Banda, however, in 'Face to Face' (April 2) showed himself to be one of the most subtle and impressive of African leaders—a very formidable man indeed.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Solitary Outpost

TEN YEARS AFTER the 1914-18 war came the Depression. We have a mass of first-hand writings on the first calamity, and almost nothing on the second. Why? Whatever the Depression withheld, it furnished its victims with a theme that called out for treatment and gave them ample time for writing. What it denied, of course, was peace of mind; and George Orwell believed that it was this that forestalled a renaissance of working-class literature.

If there had been such a movement, I wonder whether Walter Greenwood's *Love on the Dole* would have been raised into the position of lonely eminence it now commands. In the nineteen-thirties, it introduced to the commercial theatre a decisive encounter between economic conditions and personal will-power, and



'The People of Paradise' on April 21: one of the 'Land Divers of Pentecost'

released working-class characters from stage convention, presenting them as people with as large a share of passion and intelligence as any other sector of the community. It was a solid navvying job, clearing the ground for more detailed and imaginative work. But the reclamation was not carried any further, and Mr. Greenwood's play remains a solitary outpost that demands a place in any survey of English drama of this century. 'Twentieth Century Theatre' was in duty bound to include it, but there is no denying that the revival (April 24) creaked more distractingly than productions of older plays have done. Perhaps one comes to Galsworthy or Monkhouse expecting a period piece and fails to make the same allowance for Mr. Greenwood; moreover working-class drama is no longer in eclipse and compared with recent models of sophisticated vernacular *Love on the Dole* seems a primitive invention.

Nothing but a performance of intense conviction could restore the play's original striking power, and it was conspicuously absent from Vivian A. Daniels's production. The cast seemed divided between those who were trying to give the text a fair hearing, and those surreptitiously bent on sending the whole thing up. Competition on such terms was unequal, and the second group provided much the better entertainment. Avis Bunnage, a Theatre Workshop veteran with long experience of vernacular drama, seized on the part of the stoical mother and managed, with the aid of quizzical inflections and arrested double-takes, to make subtle mockery of the family's dismal plight; and when she was joined by the gin-swilling spiritualist circle, a zestful rag-and-bone trio, a near music-hall atmosphere prevailed. As Sally, the girl who saves the family by becoming the mistress of a corpulent bookie, Billie Whitelaw played with shrewd humour and hard pathos exactly calculated to the austere range of the part; but in contest with Miss Bunnage and the three witches her work was unavailing.

John Murphy's *The Country Boy* (April 23), an Irish import, is said to typify the homespun, mud-on-the-boots style currently in favour at the Abbey Theatre. It is certainly designed to comfort nationalists. Fifteen years absent from his parents in County Mayo, the Americanized son returns to the farm. He brings back a loud wife who totters round the place on high heels and almost faints at the sight of a cow in labour. In the first half of the play Mr. Murphy has fun in playing off brassy American manners against the simple dignity of the country folk: then he reveals that the son is a failure—his camera is hired, his cabin trunk empty, his New York apartment a hovel shared with the P.R.s. Moral—don't emigrate to America: you lose your national character and you don't even get rich.

Mr. Murphy adds bait to this parable by symbolizing Ireland in the persons of two girls, one whom the prodigal abandoned, the other whom his younger brother is persuaded to marry. Olive McFarland played her with bewitching simplicity, and there was a good surly performance by Harold Goldblatt as the father. Eddie Byrne snarled his way, Bogart-fashion, through the son's lines: I would be interested to see whether Mr. Murphy wrote, 'Yeah' as frequently as Mr. Byrne uttered it. Interpolation of folk music, inscrutably performed by Seamus Ennis, was a novel feature of George R. Fear's production.

With recollections of his earlier



Billie Whitelaw as Sally Hardcastle in *Love on the Dole* on April 24

thriller, *Hour of the Rat*, I was disappointed by Jon Manchip White's *Who Killed Menna Lorraine?* (April 21). The architect's model wife has vanished; her country-mouse sister suspects murder and, sure enough, a battered corpse is unearthed. The opening scene, between the quiet, obsessive woman and a shy police inspector held out a promise of originality, and throughout the play Mr. White touched on human issues such as police rivalry, and the mingled emotions of insecurity and arrogance in pursuing a suspect listed in *Who's Who*. But he did no more than touch on them, and one was left with the feeling that they had been inserted as a little hard dramatic currency intended to lure the spectator into accepting a counterfeit plot of Grand Guignol extravagance. Zena Walker and Kenneth Griffith gave it some suspense, but that was a poor substitute for the characterization of their first dialogue.

Pamela Fry's *Meeting with Johnny* (April 22) adopted the reverse procedure, opening with ominous threats of retribution and ending with a quiet statement on personal relationships. Locked in her room in dread of an avenging boy friend newly released from gaol, Christine finally meets him at a party and sheds both her terror and the influence of her vampire sister. Something of value is buried in this little play; but

it is well hidden. The hysterical, cliché-ridden exposition all but obscures the fragment of truth at the end.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Holy Uproar

WILLIAM GOLDING is a novelist of great promise, some of whose books have been effectively adapted for radio. His own radio play *Miss Pulkinhorn* (Third, April 20) was strong stuff, full of sin, threat, and atmosphere. One hopes he will persist in experimenting with the medium. It has been demonstrated that a cathedral is a satisfactory setting for murder, and that the hatred, malice, and uncharitableness let loose by theological differences between High and Low churchmen have considerable dramatic possibilities.

Miss Pulkinhorn, a lady of strong evangelical convictions and bullying political talents, has her domination of a cathedral challenged by an eccentric and possibly saintly ascetic with a special devotion to the Host. At the sight of the reserved sacrament he compulsively shouts 'Hosanna', which she regards as indecent and idolatrous conduct liable to drag the Church of England back to kissing 'the big toe of the Bishop of Rome'. Failing to persuade or nag the ecclesiastical authorities into suppressing this noisy mystic, she sets a trap for him—a light wrongly lit before an empty sacramental cupboard—and the shock duly kills him. Her guilt is known only to the cathedral organist, our narrator, a man of mild piety, embarrassed by the intensities of both extremists, who nevertheless feels guilty because he failed to prevent their killing each other.

The bishop concerned refuses to debate transubstantiation with Miss Pulkinhorn—which I thought a pity because it must have left many listeners in the dark about the cause of the war and the reason why the trick with the light should kill the noisy worshipper. The cathedral sounds—organ, choir, snatches of services—were automatically moving; but I thought that the producer, David Thomson, overdid the fast steps and tapping stick of Miss Pulkinhorn and the shuffle and echoing shouts of the man. There was so much echo that one had to be told that he was shouting 'Hosanna', and at the crisis, when he collapsed, I was not sure what was happening. This was with a good set in a quiet cottage.

Carleton Hobbs gave, as always, a beautifully intelligent performance as the organist who saw it all but tried to avoid trouble. Indeed his management of the last section, which had little dialogue, almost made one feel that the whole thing might have been better as a read long short story. But this is unfair to Patience Collier, whose devout bigotry as Miss Pulkinhorn was alarmingly convincing, and to Hugh Burden as the man who conveyed surely his conviction that it was his duty to help the stones of the cathedral to cry out. Briefly, the play was good enough for me to want more precise theology and less narrated exposition. And though it got out of hand at times, the atmospheric sound was remarkable.

The Queen of Ireland, an original play for broadcasting by James Hanley (Third, April 19), was as battering as a stormy sea.



Scene from *The Country Boy* on April 23, with (left to right) Harold Goldblatt as Tom Maher, Richard Burrell as Curly Maher, Elizabeth Begley as Mary Kate Maher, and Olive McFarland as Eileen Tierney

Mr. Hanley is distinguished as a novelist with the tragic attitude to life who has written with realism and nobility about the life and death of seafaring men and their families. This play consisted primarily of the remembrances of an Irish seaman's widow, her love and fears for her man, her half-knowledge of his life at sea and her mourning for his death. It was a *tour de force* of writing, and of acting by Mary O'Farrell, Barry Keegan, and Dermot Kelly. The normal Irish excess of Elizabethan eloquence, laced as usual with biblical language, was tempered with irony and anticlimax. I remember resisting and then giving in to the intoxication of the incantation, and admiring in sober moments some likely passages about the slums, trams, and surrounding countryside of Liverpool. Whether we ought to put a heavy duty on imported Irish literary spirits, I don't know. They are bad for critical detachment, but protection probably would do no good. Anyway I had not previously thought of James Hanley specifically as an Irish writer.


The revival of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (Home, April 16) was pleasingly scarifying. It was also interesting to be reminded that Jekyll took to transcendental medicine and gave his naughty side a separate body out of sheer respectability and a wish to save his reputation from the reporting of his minor vices. The production rightly emphasized this moral and Caledonian motive; and if it has prevented one lawyer from thinking that Stevenson's myth has anything to do with schizophrenia, much good may have been done.

Hearing the third episode of J. Maclaren-Ross's *The Doomsday Book* (Light, April 18) made me decide to follow this violent, morbid, and highly mysterious affair closely. Effects sometimes blurred the dialogue, but pursuits and unmaskings went at a great pace, and I shall need to know whether my suspicion of the hero's well-spoken friend is to be justified.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD

Hindsight and Insight

 THIS HAS BEEN a week for looking back and for looking behind the scenes; and it began on Easter Monday, when the Home Service launched its *Cavalcade of the Fifties*, a review of the highlights of entertainment of the last decade. The first programme covered 1950, and gave us a chance of hearing snatches from the current 'Crazy Gang' show, 'Much Binding in the Marsh', 'The Blue Lamp', and so on and so on, with general comments from such pundits as Dilys Powell and Ivor Brown. It was like one of Mr. Baily's 'Scrapbooks' translated into Shaftesbury Avenue terms. Well, the old recipe made an excuse for cooking up another hit parade.

The following evening (Third Programme, April 19), we had recollections of a higher order: 'Into the Forties', a literary miscellany compiled by Mr. John Lehmann. There must be few people better equipped than the editor of *New Writing* to trace the trends in our prose and poetry during the years of the second war; but, alas, a lot of knowledge can be a dangerous thing. It can, for example, make omissions very difficult. And Mr. Lehmann found it hard to omit. He might have given us an illuminating straight talk; instead he tried to cram some twenty authors into a single programme of under an hour. And while we were inescapably moved by Dylan Thomas or certain passages from Mr. Graham Greene or Mr. Eliot the general impression was decidedly muddled. We were gazing into a kaleidoscope before the colours had formed a recognizable pattern.

The politics of the nineteen-forties and the

trades union movements of several decades were discussed in *The Life and Times of Ernest Bevin* (Home Service, April 20). This programme was ostensibly a talk about Mr. Alan Bullock's biography. It proved, in fact, a fine excuse for appreciations of Bevin. Three men who knew him well (Sir Frederick Leggett, Morgan Phillips, and George Woodcock) discussed him with the author of the book; and they showed again and again how familiarity with Bevin bred increasing admiration. Their admiration came over as they re-created this bulky and brilliantly versatile colossus. One has often wondered whether an orthodox education would have heightened Bevin's powers; it was interesting to hear the question abruptly dismissed. And this was probably right: perhaps Bevin was too versatile, original, and energetic for academic training. As it was, he grasped facts with such mastery that he could out-talk Keynes on economy, and wind the most stubborn delegates round his fingers. He was not a lover of power, but he loved the benevolent uses of power, and he wielded extraordinary power with extraordinary effect. It would be good to hear more about this plebeian titan. Could we have a repeat of that candid portrait that was broadcast three years ago?


If we always welcome an insight into the thoughts and actions of the famous, we are also, most of us, fascinated by the workings of the artist's mind. Why did the poet come to write that particular poem at that particular moment in his life? Why did the artist paint that picture, and not another? What goes on, in every art, behind the scenes? This is not just curiosity, it is also the way to appreciate the arts much more completely. It was all to the good when on April 20 (Home Service) we were taken behind the scenes, and, indeed, on the scenes, at Pinewood Studios. In the first of a new and promising series, 'Artists at Work', we had an eye-witness account of the making of a film. The writer of 'Peeping Tom' told us how he had come to choose the subject, and the producer explained his conception of casting: 'There aren't big and small parts in a film, there are long and short ones . . .'. Actors, scene-hands, lighting assistants: we heard everyone. We were aware of the whole to-and-fro of the studio. It made a quite successful pen-and-tape experiment, though I wish we had also concentrated on the build-up of a single scene. What we needed, as the producer said at one moment in the script, was diamond point. We needed a detailed *lecture expliquée*, with explanations from everyone concerned. If Mr. Dillon gives us a sequel on the making of a play, or the gestation of a novel, perhaps he might consider such an experiment.

My tail-piece this week was 'Hughenden Manor' (Home Service, April 18). Audrey Russell is visiting the lesser-known museums in the south-east, and here she was pacing through the echoing Gothic Revival halls of Disraeli's country seat. The basic idea of the series is excellent, and I was touched by the thought of the royal primroses rescued from Dizzy's funeral and preserved, brown with age, under glass, for posterity. But oh! how heavily the facts were planted, the questions asked, and the responses given! We commentators, ma'am, should be more enthusiastic, more spontaneous, and more visual.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC

Conductors and Composers

 JUST BECAUSE ORCHESTRAL MUSIC is still the staple diet of most radio listeners the programmes of orchestral concerts tend, in spite of the most careful planning,

to become a little hackneyed—a mere replica of programmes that we can hear in the concert hall, if we are lucky enough to live within reach of one. Not this week, though. Take the chamber concert in the Third Programme on Easter Monday in which Colin Davis conducted the London Mozart Players, for example. It is not every day that we can hear one of Stravinsky's lesser-known scores (the charming, light-weight *Dances Concertantes*) sandwiched between a couple of Mozart symphonies.

This seemed like a programme made order for Davis. In fact, because it was music for which he feels a special sympathy, it gave one the best possible opportunity of assessing both the virtues and the weaknesses of his conducting. The chief virtue, without a doubt, rhythmic vitality, a vitality based on the most detailed attention to phrasing. In this respect Davis really is, as has been claimed, in the Beecham tradition. There are few enough conductors who have Sir Thomas's gift of making every part of a score signify by ensuring that it is rhythmically alive, and the arrival of another is cause for rejoicing.

Davis also devotes a great deal of care to the internal balance of the music. There was hardly an inaudible detail in the Stravinsky, while in the Mozart (and notably in the slow movement of the E flat symphony) there were passages where the strings, muted as they are, had been even too much subordinated to the woodwinds. The danger that goes with all this, of course, is that of fragmentation. Sir Thomas falls into this danger occasionally; Davis more often. For all the moments of illumination in this enjoyable concert I did miss the sense of a firm controlling mind that sees the end of a movement as implicit in its beginning and shapes all the parts in relation to the whole. Just because I admire Colin Davis's work so much, I hope that he will be able to add this architectural objectivity to his already formidable armoury of talents.

Two evenings later (April 20) Norman Del Mar was conducting an even more enterprising concert on the Home Service, including music by Wolf, Kodály, and Fricker. That he was doing an immensely professional job of holding the music together was obvious, but it was also obvious that the extremely free tonality of Fricker's First Symphony was taxing to the utmost the strings of the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra. But though this was little more than routine performance it was good to have a chance of hearing once more the work with which Fricker first made a real impact on the English musical scene. It was only ten years ago that this symphony had its première at Cheltenham. It seems much longer, for there has been a fairly steady stream of works since then, yet I have an uncomfortable feeling that for all his palpable seriousness of intention and excellent craftsmanship Fricker's impact has faded rather than deepened.

This is a point which must be left for discussion on some future occasion, for two new American works claim attention this week. On Saturday (April 23, Third) Aaron Copland conducted the first performance in this country of the orchestral suite drawn from his recent opera *The Tender Land*. In style the music bears little resemblance to the early works he had given at the Royal Festival Hall concert (not broadcast earlier in the week. Here there was none of that almost obsessive contrapuntal working of short motifs that once seemed a Copland fingerprint but something much closer to the expansive lyricism of *Appalachian Spring*. If the rest of the opera is as readily enjoyable as these three excerpts I cannot imagine why we have not already had a chance of hearing it, either on radio or television.

Having missed the original transmission (April 21, Third) of Elliott Carter's Second Stri





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-  Taxes to governments. **£861 million**
-  Capital expenditure and working capital. **£396 million**
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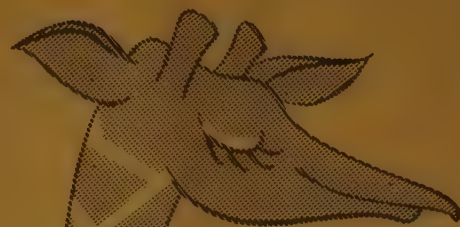
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Quartet, I found myself listening to it on a tape just after the Copland, which was probably unfortunate. Carter, on the evidence of his first quartet and his piano sonata, which are almost the only works of his that we know in this country, is a real composer but singularly lacking in that apparent spontaneity that is the hallmark of a first-rate one. This is not just a matter of the complexity of his idiom; it comes rather more, I think, from the fact that each of his works seems (to judge by his own descriptions of them) to arise from his fascination with a

particular technical problem, rather than the problem's arising from the nature of the original musical impulse. Composers can be misleading about their own music, of course, yet this performance by the Juilliard Quartet, magnificently assured as it was, tended to confirm my feeling that this is essentially a craftsman's music. Imagination is there, but it shows itself rather in the handling of particular compositional situations (the cadenzas linking the movements, for example) than in the conception of the work as a whole. Yet in fairness to Carter I must say

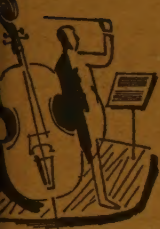
that several of my colleagues have found that this cerebral impression vanishes on better acquaintance with the music. Let us hope at any rate that this will be among the works included in the summer series of Thursday concerts, which is to consist of recordings drawn from the programmes heard during the first part of the year. Which gives me a belated opportunity to mention the exceptionally musical performance of *Pierrot Lunaire* directed by John Carewe in the previous 'Thursday Concert' (Third, April 14); this too must certainly be repeated.

JEREMY NOBLE

Borodin's Early Compositions

By DAVID LLOYD-JONES

The Piano Trio in D will be broadcast at 11.06 p.m. on Wednesday, May 4 (Home)



'IT SHOULD BE understood that I do not seek recognition as a composer for I am somehow ashamed of admitting to my composing activities. This is understandable since, while for others it is a straightforward matter, a duty and their life's purpose, for me it is a relaxation, a pastime and an indulgence which distracts me from my principal work—my Professorship and Science'. Writing thus to a friend, Alexander Borodin, Professor of Organic Chemistry at the Medico-Surgical Academy, St. Petersburg, explains his life-long amateur and dilettante status as a musician and incidentally accounts for the fact that some of his later works were left unfinished, which has often been put down to typical Russian indolence. Throughout his life music had to play a subordinate part to his scientific pursuits, and considering the conscientiousness and enthusiasm with which he applied himself to his professional duties, his complete lack of musical training and the fact that his devoted but hypochondriac wife severely limited the hours during which he could work at the piano, it is amazing how much was written of such consistently high quality.

Apart from the invaluable guidance which he was to get from Balakirev, Borodin's musical instruction consisted only of some lessons on the piano, flute and 'cello. This may sound impressive but in fact he never succeeded in mastering any one of these instruments, and in any event hardly begins to explain how he was able to achieve the individuality and assurance of style which was later to exert marked influence on the young Debussy, Ravel, Sibelius, and Stravinsky.

However, when the right moment came even this imperfect instrumental ability was to stand him in good stead and lead to his first concentrated efforts at composing. This was in 1859 when as a prize student he was sent by his scientific Academy to complete his training at Heidelberg. Until then, for want of leisure and a stimulating musical atmosphere, Borodin's career as even the most amateur composer can hardly be said to have begun, since he had no more to his credit than four songs (three with cello *obbligato*) and an attractive set of variations on a Russian folk-song for String Trio written in 1855.

On arriving in Heidelberg, however, he was soon drawn into its thriving amateur chamber-music circle, and since the piano never attracted him it is not surprising that it was to the field of chamber music that he instinctively turned at first. The works which belong to this period and the two written when he went on to Italy in 1862 constituted an important preparation

for the larger works which he was to embark on after his crucial meeting with Balakirev in the autumn of 1862; and although they cannot compare with his mature chamber music, they are without exception well written, melodious and attractive, while one or two are of considerable accomplishment and value.

Dates and chronology are sadly lacking when we come to discuss the works in question and can but be largely hypothetical. For instance, we can only assume that Borodin probably had neither the incentive nor the time for original composition during his first winter abroad, and that the Quartet in D for flute, oboe, viola, and 'cello, which is an arrangement of the two movements of Haydn's Piano Sonata in D with two short original middle movements, is a typical example of the arrangements of classical works for chamber ensembles which he is known to have made at this time. One of the earliest Heidelberg works is the 'Cello Sonata in C minor, the three movements of which are based on a fugue theme from Bach's G minor Violin Sonata, but this is in no way a mere arrangement but an original work built round a given theme—a procedure which is developed further in the first movement of the A major String Quartet. The unfinished String Trio in G is a rather pale work, and of its two movements it is the second which is most striking on account of its almost Beethovenian angularity and contrapuntal complexity.

In the mellifluous unfinished Piano Trio in D the influence of Mendelssohn is so strong that it was probably written during the first year at Heidelberg. It has three extant movements—*Allegro con brio*, Romance (*Andante*), Intermezzo (*Tempo di minuetto*), and was clearly intended to have a finale. Several passages tempt one to style it a pot-pourri on themes from the *Songs without Words*, so heavily does Borodin lean on his musical idol of the time—the long piano solo at the beginning of the Romance, for instance, has more than a spiritual affinity with No. 4 of that collection. Nevertheless, here Borodin has produced a work far removed from the customary academic and derivative first attempts of a young composer. As always, it is well written for the medium employed (although Borodin must have been a better 'cellist than he would have us suppose if he ever coped with the high tessitura of his 'cello part) and the scoring and texture, if not the actual thematic material, are already characteristic of the composer.

But perhaps Borodin's greatest achievement of this period is the String Sextet in D minor, written as he said 'to humour the Germans'. The first of the work's two movements is a

lyrical yet energetic sonata-form *Allegro* which is considerably indebted to the Mendelssohn of the Octet, even to the extent of having a romantic 'feminine' second subject, a feature which Borodin was later to make his own. Throughout the movement he shows complete mastery over the by no means easy six-part writing and it more than makes up with craftsmanship for what it lacks in originality. On the other hand both virtues are to be found in the second movement which in its way is a little masterpiece. As with the early Trio it is cast in theme-and-variation form but in this case it is doubtful whether the theme is an actual folk-song—more probably it was written according to Russian folk-song pattern, for Borodin rarely uses actual folk material. He follows the old Glinka procedure of presenting his theme in both original and altered forms against different harmonic backgrounds and in varied scoring (inevitably this includes his favourite *pizzicato* variation). In this movement the process is carried further by modulating within a variation and by melting one variation into another imperceptibly. The whole movement is scarcely five minutes long yet within its small framework it passes through a variety of moods, and although the work is probably incomplete it forms a most fitting and effective close.

In these works it is not so much the actual musical utterance which announces the future nationalist composer (for this is often too heavily flavoured with some guiding influence) as his feeling for form, instrumental colour, and his innate understanding of the principles of musical structure and momentum. The influence of Mendelssohn on Borodin, which was at its height at the beginning of his German stay and still in evidence in the Tarantelle for piano duet written in Italy in 1862, can be appreciated when we compare their love of classical forms, bright optimistic and evocative melodies, clear and effective part-writing with a special emphasis on colour, and a predilection for fast and light scherzi.

Soon, however, a nostalgia for his homeland brought with it a deeper national consciousness and renewed his old admiration for Glinka. This change of heart is clearly seen in the finest product of his pre-Balakirev period, the Piano Quintet in C minor written in the summer of 1862, which can rightly be called the first work of his maturity. This is fortunately published in the West, and it is to be hoped that the Russians will soon reprint the other early compositions mentioned above, for many an ensemble, professional or amateur, would find admirable material in such attractive—yet for the most part technically—unexacting works.

Samuel Wilberforce

(concluded from page 761)

ments in interpretation would meet the case. Dean Buckland's inconsiderate observation, that if God created the world in 4004 B.C. He must have created fossils then too, caused immense alarm until it became acceptable that the 'days' of the first chapter of Genesis should be reinterpreted as geological epochs—an interim solution, but a hopeful precedent for evolution.

Whether in his heart of hearts Wilberforce believed that it would always be possible to maintain the plenary literal inspiration of the Bible we cannot of course say. But although he always required his ordination candidates to declare their belief that the Bible *was* the Word of God, and not merely that it contained it, he was apparently more ready than men of the jot-and-tittle school to accept the variety of levels of inspiration within it. Perhaps his public conservatism concealed more sympathy with incipient biblical criticism than we should have imagined: for the gravamen of his complaints against Colenso and the other innovators was that they used their ecclesiastical position to teach, or speculate on, doctrines opposed to those of the Church. He was willing, and frequently said so, to allow his clergy generous latitude in their private opinions so long as in public they held to the doctrines of the Church.

Here he was more realistic than we may care to admit. Obviously, private speculation is profitless unless it receives the discipline of more or less public discussion; but there must be a distinction between public discussion confined to experts and one into which the general public

is drawn. In Victorian England this distinction was not strictly observed. Learning had not attained its modern complexity, and a knowledge of the Bible and the classics was held sufficient to qualify a man to share in theological discussion, while even less was enough to admit anyone to ecclesiastical controversy. Wilberforce recognized this, and acted within this framework in order to preserve it: if the laity were to retain their right to share in discussion, they had to be warned off matters they could not understand. Science has since become intolerably obscure, and efforts have to be made to explain it to the outsider. Likewise, in theology, the layman is bewildered, and leaves discussion to the experts; this may be the price of progress, but human values were involved in Wilberforce's behaviour which have not always been so jealously guarded since. Perhaps, too, there was a germ of sincerity in his frivolous readiness, if Darwin made out his case, that 'we should, with the characteristic humility of science, acknowledge our unsuspected cousinship with the mushrooms'. By 1869 he was declaring that although biblical revelation and scientific discovery might appear contradictory, it was our duty to test and hold on to both until the fuller vision of God should reconcile and transcend them.

His critics can plausibly accuse Wilberforce of inculcating a species of clerical 'double-think'; what I have tried to question is the assumption upon which that accusation is based. He would be a brave man who fed a country congregation on J, E, P, D, and Q; he would be an unwise man, and possibly also an uncharitable one. Yet in honesty he would have to seek to communicate to his hearers something of the

truth which had been given him through critical study. What is open to argument is not whether the attempt should be made, but how much of his scholarship should be passed on, and how fast. In the eighteen-sixties, and until the new learning had proved itself, the answer was obviously little. But for us the possibilities and duties are clearly much different.

Another, more cynical, comment on the Bishop's behaviour is not without substance. Perhaps, it may be said, his orthodoxy was neither as profitless nor as inopportune as we imagine. To champion the authority of the Bible would please both the Evangelicals, who had thought him a Puseyite in disguise, and the Anglo-Catholics, who could not understand his lukewarmness towards them. The reconciliation of these two warring groups would be as beneficial for the Church as it would be welcome to the Bishop. There was no one else who could do this instead of Wilberforce, and this must have been decisive in his mind. Happy is the man whose duty corresponds with his inclinations: the Bishop was reconciled with Lord Shaftesbury and Dr. Pusey, and there was a decade of comparative peace in the Church during which Wilberforce stood out as the moral leader of Anglicanism, against foes within and without.

But I think we should be doing Wilberforce an injustice if we concluded that self-advancement was his only or primary motive. His real concern was to preserve the Bible as a guarantee of the participation of the laity in the religious life of England; and it was his tactics, not his motives, which have produced the antagonism between religion and science which we all lament.

—Third Programme



Inter-University Bridge 'Quiz'—Final

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

THE FINAL of the inter-university 'quiz' was suitably contested by the two pairs who had shown most expertise in the previous rounds: Mr. J. D. Kendal and Mr. R. J. Payne of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and Mr. P. J. Rimmer and Mr. M. S. Buckley of Christ Church, Oxford. The players began by answering five questions, all relating to the following hand:

♠ A K 9 8 3 2 ♥ A J 6 ♦ 4 ♣ A 7 2

This hand is held by South, the dealer, not vulnerable against vulnerable opponents. In each case South has opened One Spade.

	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(1)	1 S	2 D	No	No
	?			
(2)	1 S	2 D	No	No
	Double	No	2 H	No
	?			
(3)	1 S	No	2 C	No
	?			
(4)	1 S	No	2 H	No
	?			
(5)	1 S	3 D	No	No
	?			

These were the answers adjudged best:

(1) Double: with four quick tricks and preparedness for any response, including a pass of

the double, this is better than Two Spades, which scored a consolation mark.

(2) Two Spades: partner's bid was forced and South should not leave him in what may be a weak four-card suit.

(3) Three Spades: consolation for Four Spades, which can spoil slam prospects, for over this call partner will not rebid a good club suit.

(4) Now an exploratory bid of Three Clubs, forcing in this sequence, is best. Consolation for Four Hearts.

(5) That a double is better than Three Spades (consolation mark) was shown when the hand actually occurred. North had a void in spades and K 10 x x x of hearts. He passed Three Spades, and Four Hearts would have been easy.

With never more than a point separating the pairs, they finished level with 13 each out of 20 on this part of the 'quiz'. The next test was to bid the following hands, dealt by East at game all:

WEST	EAST
♠ 9 5 2	♠ K 10 4 3
♥ A 10 4	♥ Q J 9 8
♦ A 2	♦ 8 4
♣ K Q J 8 3	♣ A 10 7

Best is 3 N.T. Three Hearts, Two Hearts and Three Clubs were marked at 5 out of 10, Four

Hearts at 4. The Cambridge pair bid first.

WEST	EAST
Mr. Kendal	Mr. Payne
—	No
1 C	1 H
2 H	2 S
3 H	No

Having a diamond stop, West might have introduced 2 N.T. on the third round. However his team picked up a point on Oxford:

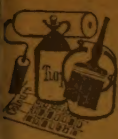
WEST	EAST
Mr. Rimmer	Mr. Buckley
—	No
1 C	1 H
2 H	2 S
3 C	4 C
4 H	No

Four Hearts, on a diamond lead, is somewhat perilous. That was brought out by the first question: What are the chances of making four heart tricks with the combination shown above?

The answer is about 28 per cent. East requires the King to be right, which is a 50 per cent chance, and South must have not more than three cards of the suit.

Both pairs scored 8 out of 10 on this question, leaving Cambridge the winners of an excellent contest by 26 points to 25.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Choosing Paints

IF YOU ARE one of those people who enjoy trying out colour schemes, I am sure you will be interested in the new colour-dispensing machines that are now coming into the shops. These machines are so designed that, while you wait, the assistants in the shop can produce a tin of paint in exactly the shade you have chosen.

There are the usual small colour cards to take home, if you want to. But, if among them you cannot find the exact shade you are looking for, there is a much bigger selection kept in the shop itself. Some of these shop displays go up to about 1,000 different shades. But, whatever the shade you choose, it will be made from either a white or grey 'base'-paint (though there is a small range of coloured bases, too).

In the machine there are about ten cylinders, each containing a different tinting colour. When you have chosen the shade you want, the shop assistant looks at his index to find out which of these tinting colours has to be added to the base-paint, and how much of each he will need. Then the assistant first puts a tin of base-paint into a small recess at the bottom of the machine. He selects the cylinder containing the right tinting colour, and adjusts the control knob to give exactly the right quantity. He finally operates the pump which discharges the tinting colour straight into the tin.

These different tinting colours, by the way,

can be used either alone or in all sorts of different combinations with each other, so the number of permutations is rather like a football pool. The selection and mixing takes less than a minute.

So far as the different types of paint are concerned, you can obtain gloss-finish and undercoat, eggshell and flat finishes, and you can also get plastic emulsion paint. The tinting colours in the machine work with all these types of paint, and the same setting produces exactly the same shade whichever type of finish you have chosen. This is a big advantage where, for example, you may want the woodwork and the walls to have a different finish but the colours to be an exact match. As each shade is actually made in the shop there is never any fear of the shade you want being out of stock.

DAVID ROE

—'Today' (Home Service)

Flan à la Parisienne

For 4 to 6 persons, take:

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of plain flour,
- 4 oz. of caster sugar,
- 4 eggs
- 2 pts. of boiled milk, flavoured with vanilla
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of melted butter

Put the flour in a mixing bowl, and make a little well in the middle of the flour. Into the well put the sugar. Break the eggs over the

sugar, and mix well as you add the melted butter. When this is done, stir in the milk gradually to obtain a smooth batter. Pour this into a well-buttered flan mould, and bake it in a hot oven (400° F., Reg. 6) for 45 minutes. Serve it cold, sprinkled with caster sugar.

MARIE-JEANNE—'Today'

Notes on Contributors

CRANFORD PRATT (page 739): Assistant Professor of Political Science, Toronto University; formerly Assistant Professor of Political Science, McGill University, Montreal; author (with S. J. Frankel) of *Municipal Labour Relations in Canada*

CHRISTOPHER MARTIN (page 742): Director of Studies of the Hansard Society for Parliamentary Government; co-editor of *Prism* (an Anglican monthly magazine)

JOEL HURSTFIELD (page 747): Professor of Modern History, University College, London; author of *The Queen's Wards*

A. J. MARSHALL (page 754): shortly to take up the Chair of Biology at Monash University, Melbourne, Australia; author of *Men and Birds of Paradise, Australia Limited, Bower Birds*, etc.

REV. RONALD PUGH (page 760): Curate of St. Michael All Angels, Bournemouth

Crossword No. 1,561

All Up

By Andreas

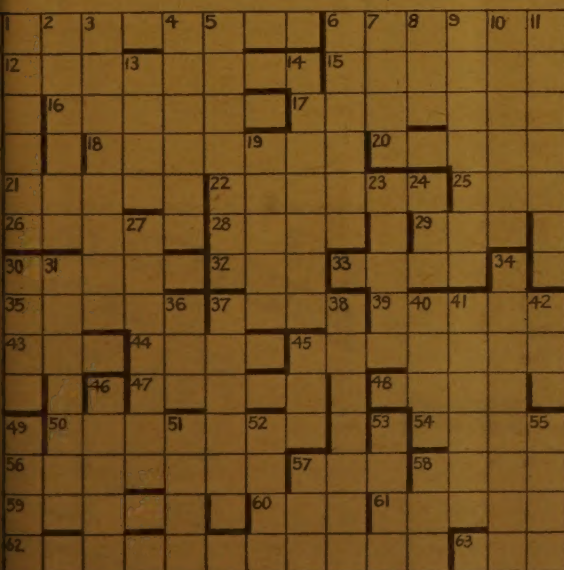
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 5. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The unclued lights have something in common; one is reversed. Other clues are normal.

CLUES—ACROSS

12. Take to the French produce and halve it with an Italian (8)



- 15. Tear away the prices; they've altered (6)
- 16. Customary place to visit on the continent (6)
- 17. Goddess might be made to be living (7)
- 18. Trace in explosive weapon (7)
- 20. He would be better employed on a gun (5)
- 21. Nothing fast smelling here (5)
- 22. The language of a boy in love (6)
- 25. Strip half a monkey (3)
- 26. Tasteless version of 'The Taming of the Shrew' (5)

- 28. This used to provide protection for English and American soldiers (4)
- 29. Gipsy will return in the morning (3)
- 32. You name the coin (3)
- 33. Take three-quarters of a Hebrew measure and half an evil sign (4)
- 35. The dog has come back; he wants a plaited filling (5)
- 37. Pupil with a quiet kind of cloth (4)
- 39. They may be in the road though the road may be to them (5)
- 43. Request we turned and left aside (3)
- 47. The type of courage that will never change (5)
- 50. Measure one can't consider as beaming forth (7)
- 54. Related to part of the process of making money (4)
- 56. In charge in a dish that is plaited (7)
- 57. Snake that can't quite fly (3)
- 59. Make a change but not now (5)
- 60. Shepherd's pipe—for some of the goats presumably (3)
- 61. In Spain a horse can get round two directions at once (5)
- 63. Bottom of the class (3)

DOWN

- 2. Interweave ruddiness with a kind of ochre (6)
- 3. Secret Eastern drinker will have to pay the fine (8)
- 6. The insect attendant will sit back (6)
- 7. Live in sin (4)
- 8. A tailless fowl has no tail. That's good (3)
- 10. Consider part of the vases to be full (6)
- 11. Wild ruler with no alternative but to build again (7)
- 13. This belongs to us in the provinces (4)
- 14. How Ann will eat a West African animal (7)
- 19. Severe change in the rise of the tide (5)
- 23. Customary like English compared with mice (5)
- 24. This began as one precious metal though it may now be another (3)

- 27. His cent may be strong (7)
- 30. It's made from coarse cloth of a British animal (4)
- 34. Where the 39A man may well live (8)
- 36. Uncle in time will remember (3)
- 37. Let this bumper pass to make us more than merry (6)
- 40. Other birds rise when this one dives (4)
- 42. A close ally but of lousy birth (3)
- 45. Expose hemp to moisture (3)
- 49. Scots foretell spring for England (4)
- 52. This gas is never on (4)
- 55. The snares to catch a wild swarm of insects (4)
- 57. The worthless woman has lost the pledge and gets the sack (3)
- 58. He can partly account for the female of the species (3)

Solution of No. 1,559

ELIDEEENTERING
LINENSEESULKE
BEMNAPADOLEAL
ADASCARSMICE
RESEANTANTIC
PASDENRANGER
DRIERAURAFREE
TENTACTSGENIE
URGESSITREAR
NPAEINEARANU
DUNGEONFELINGS
NDEANIEETNEE
ANSETTERDISERS

NOTES

The titles of the songs are: Across: 1. Adelaide. 6. Die Unterscheidung. 11. Der Lindenbaum. 12. Erläutere. 13. Suleika. 16. Geheimnis. 18. An die Apfelbäume. 19. An den Tod. 20. Liebeständelei. 21. An die Natur. 23. Der Tod Osters. 26. Fischerweise. 29. Der Geistertanz. 30. Am Fenster. 32. L'incanto degli occhi. 33. Pause. 34. Die Nacht. 36. Der Rattenfänger. 37. Der Fischer. 38. An Laura. 39. Die Forelle. 40. Gute Nacht. 41. Nachtstück. 42. Wiegenlied. 43. Der Neugierige. 44. Die Gestirne. 47. Der Alpenjäger. 52. Heidenröslein. 54. Cronan. 56. Die junge Nonne. 59. Frühlingstraum. 60. Der Abend. 61K. Erntelied. 62. Minnelied. 63. Der Schmetterling. 64. Sei mir gegrüßt. Down: 1. Der Doppelgänger. 2. Lied. 3. Liane. 4. Der Einsame. 5. Die Nacht. 6. La Pastorella. 7. Gondelfahrer. 8. Trinklied. 9. Im Frühling. 10. Die Vögel. 13. Skolie. 14. Die liebliche Stern. 15. Blanka. 17. Auf dem Wasser zu singen. 22. Der Wanderer. 24. Erstarrung. 25. Des Mädchens Klage. 27. Die Gestirne. 28. Fischerweise. 30. An Sie. 31U. Naturgenuss. 34. Die Sterne. 35. Erläutere. 38. Nachviolen. 39. Der Schäfer und der Reiter. 40. Nacht und Träume. 45. Die Spinnerin. 46U. In der Ferne. 48. Der Sänger. 49. Der Musensohn. 50. Punschlied. 51. Der Abend. 53. Alinde. 55. Tränenregen. 57. Selige Welt. 58. Der Atlas.

1st prize: F. Hudd (Hastings); 2nd prize: Edgar Baker (Norwich); 3rd prize: Miss M. Cornwall (Edinburgh, 4)

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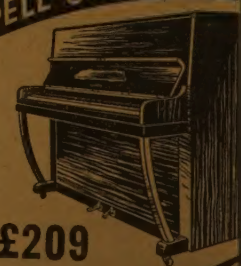
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